WESTERN ACTION AND THRILLS!

TWO-GUN KID

APRIL
NO. 7

MARVEL COMIC

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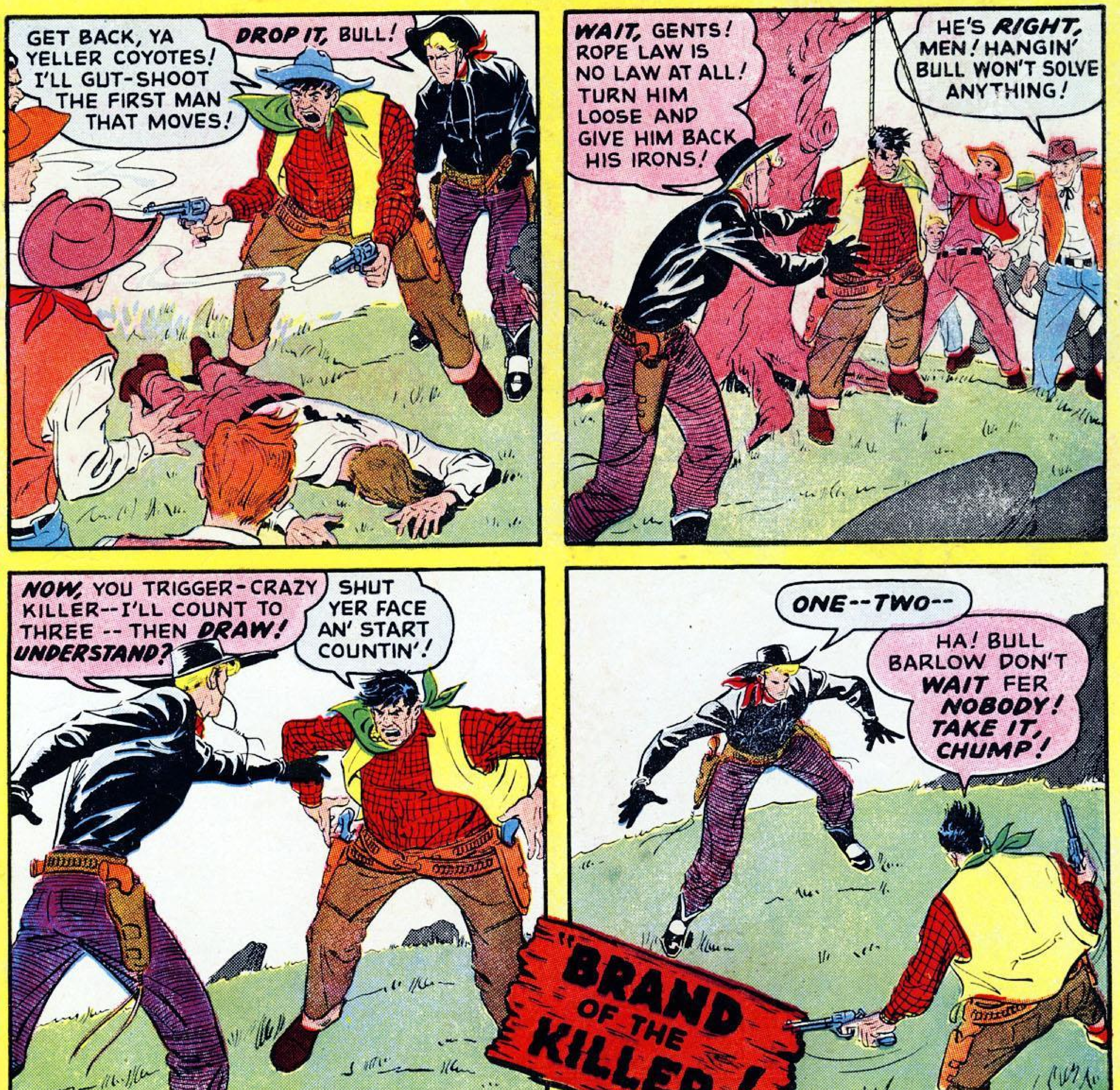
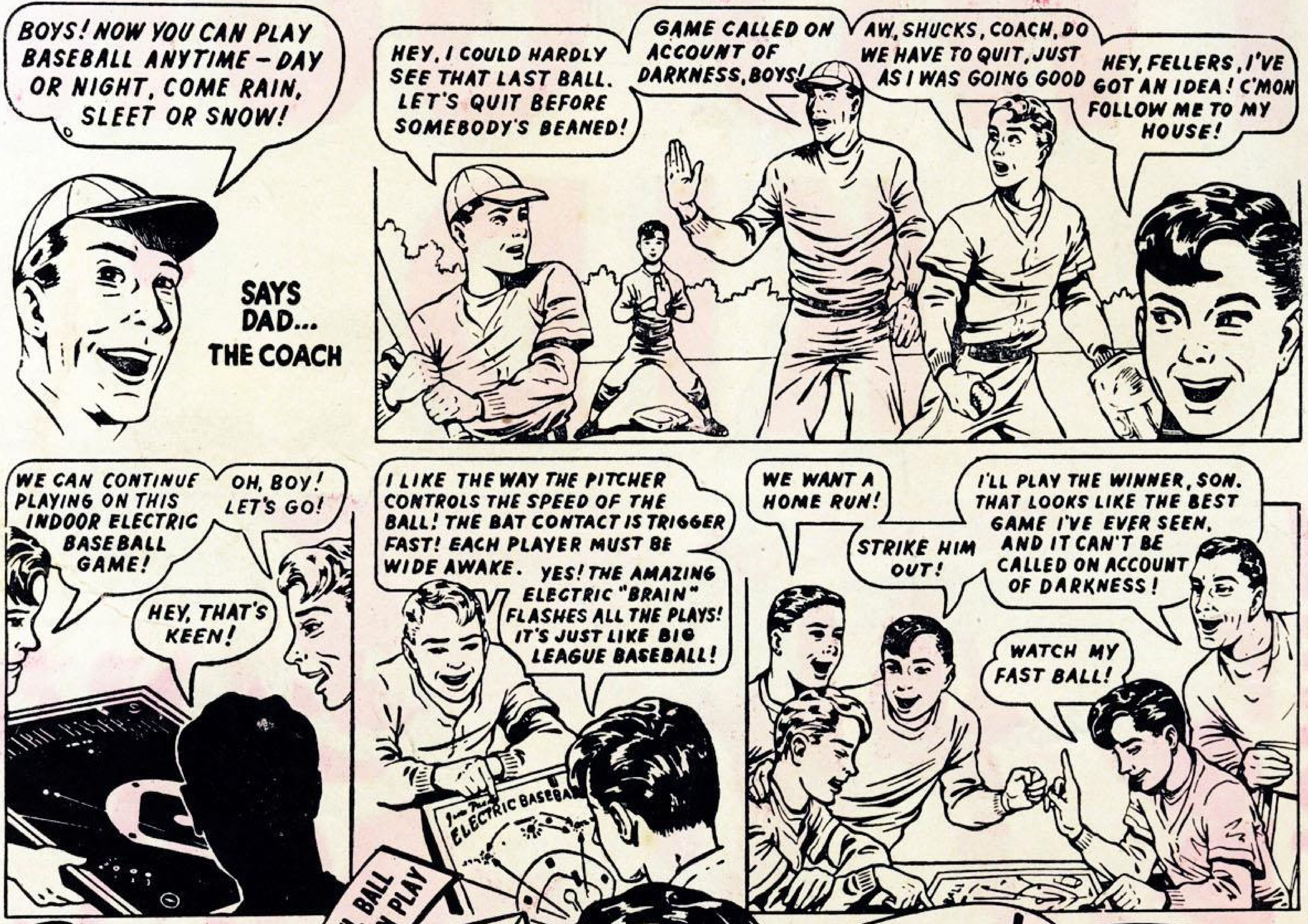
WESTERN ACTION


GET BACK, YA YELLER COYOTES! I'LL GUT-SHOOT THE FIRST MAN THAT MOVES!
DROP IT, BULL!
WAIT, GENTS! ROPE LAW IS NO LAW AT ALL! TURN HIM LOOSE AND GIVE HIM BACK HIS IRONS!
HE'S RIGHT, MEN! HANGIN' BULL WON'T SOLVE ANYTHING!
NOW, YOU TRIGGER-CRAZY KILLER--I'LL COUNT TO THREE -- THEN DRAW! UNDERSTAND?
SHUT YER FACE AN' START COUNTIN'!
ONE--TWO--
HA! BULL BARLOW DON'T WAIT FER NOBODY! TAKE IT, CHUMP!
"BRAND OF THE KILLER!"

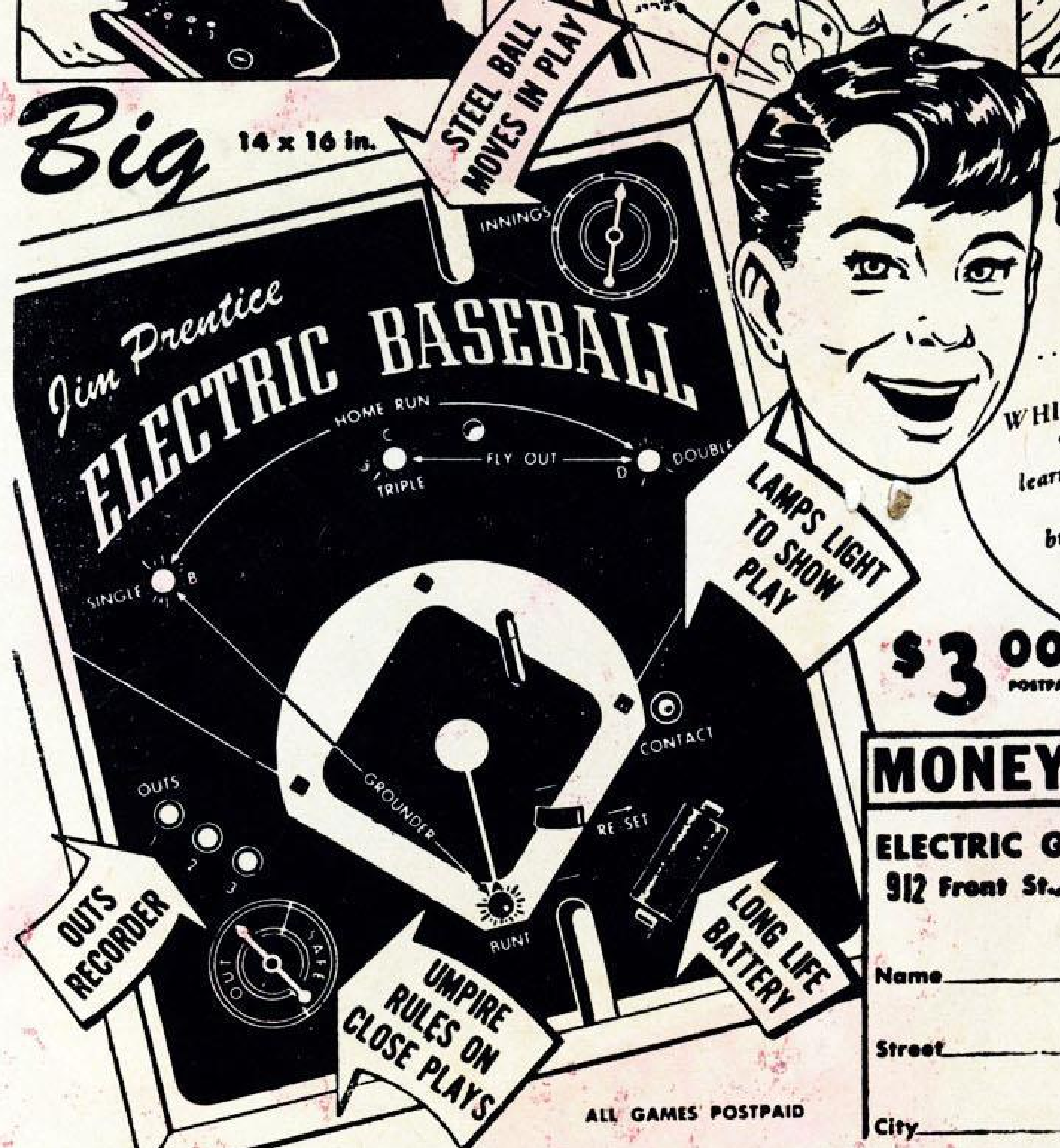
NEW *Jim Prentice* SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 ELECTRIC BASEBALL

IT'S A HIT!

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 912 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.


BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME – DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!
SAYS DAD... THE COACH
HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEANED!
GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!
AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD
HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!
WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!
OH, BOY! LET'S GO!
HEY, THAT'S KEEN!
I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE.
YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!
Jim Prentice ELECTRIC BASEBALL
WE WANT A HOME RUN!
STRIKE HIM OUT!
I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!
WATCH MY FAST BALL!

Big 14 x 16 in.


STEEL BALL MOVES IN PLAY
INNINGS
Jim Prentice ELECTRIC BASEBALL
HOME RUN
TRIPLE
FLY OUT
DOUBLE
SINGLE
GROUNDER
CONTACT
RE SET
OUTS
1
2
3
OUT
SAFE
BUNT
LAMPS LIGHT TO SHOW PLAY
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UMPIRE RULES ON CLOSE PLAYS
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This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play ... It's the last of the 9th ... score tied ... bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or WHIFF the breeze? Hero or dud? Batter must be sharp to "contact" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built

$3.00 POSTPAID

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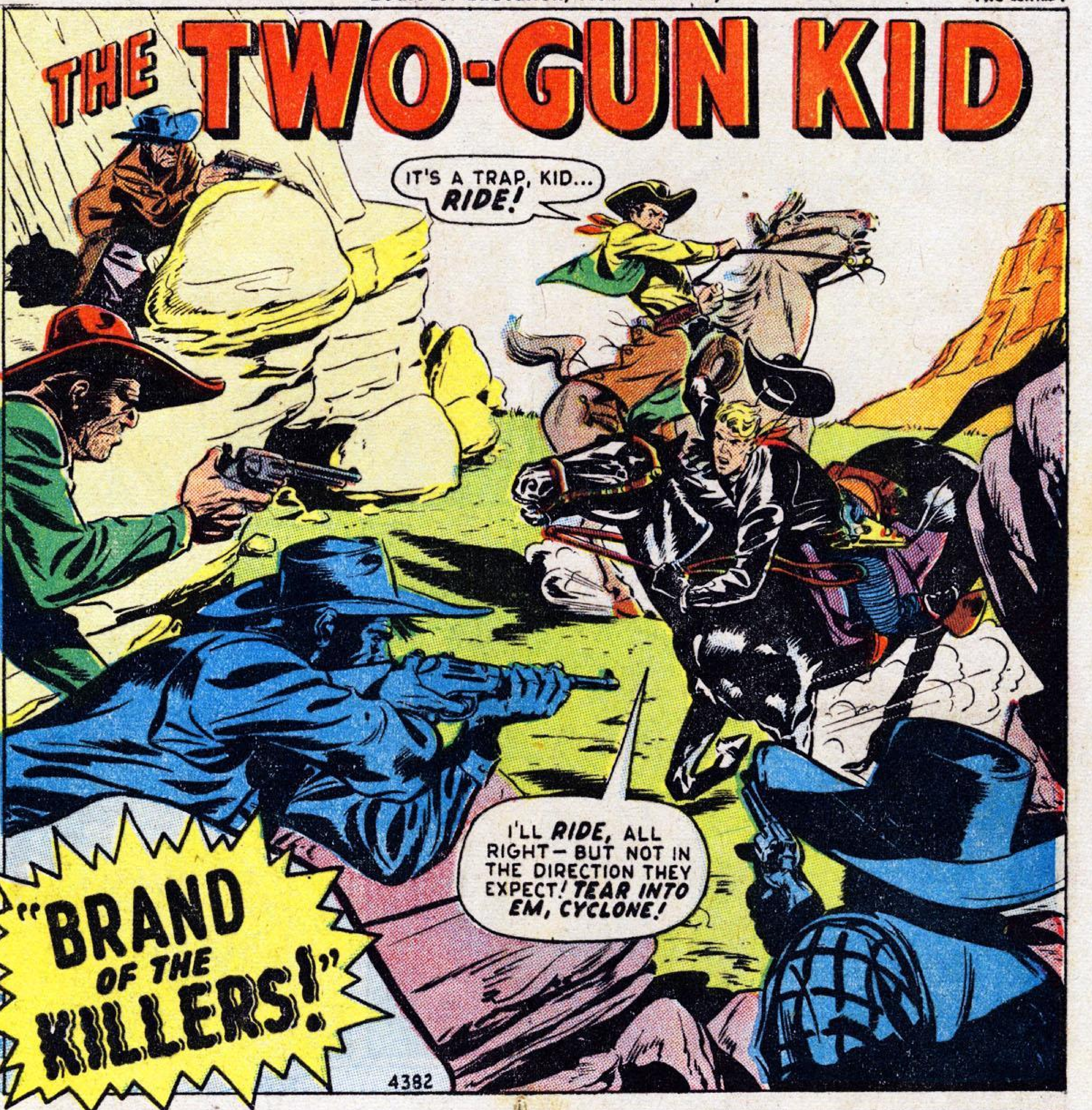
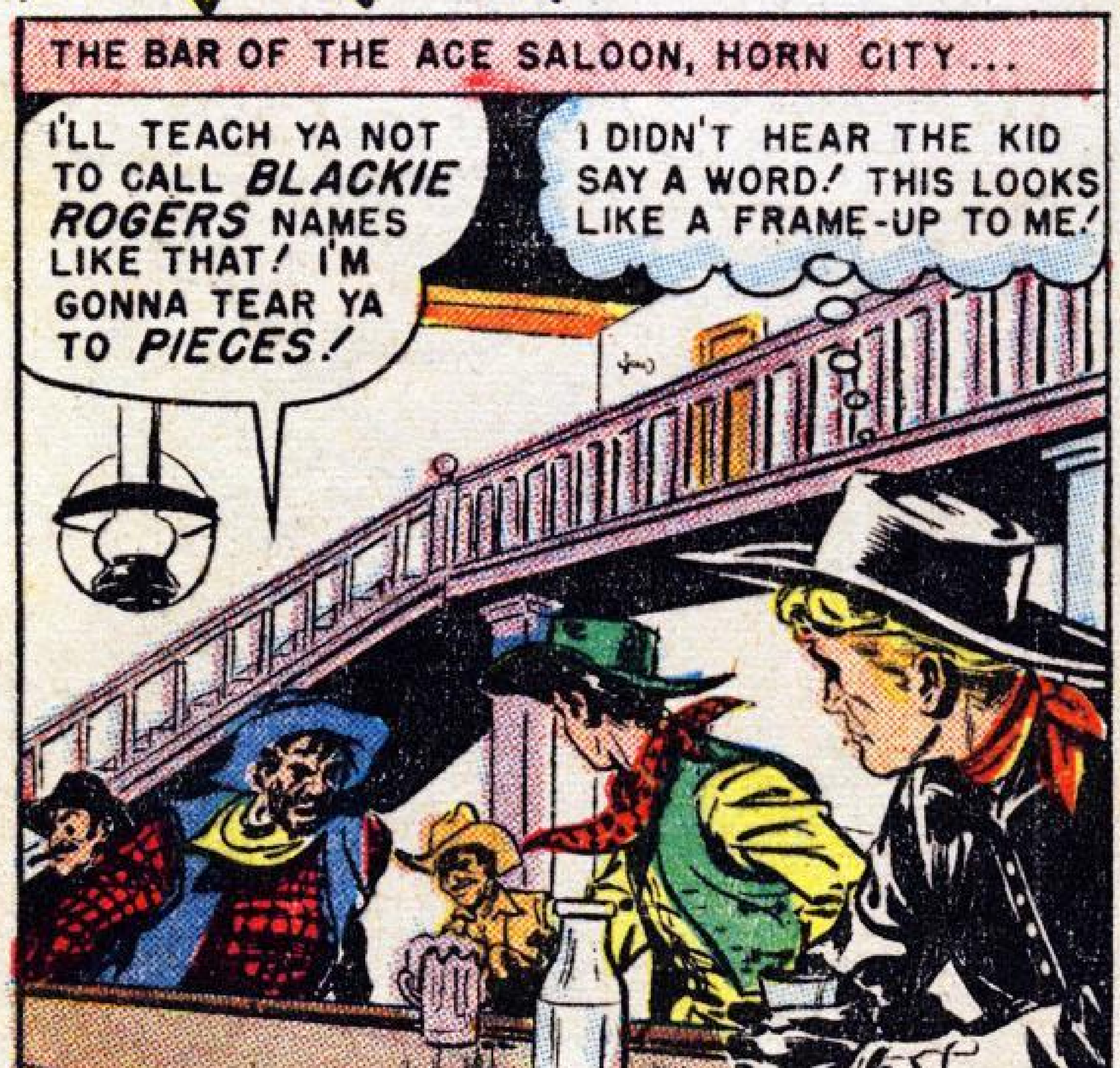
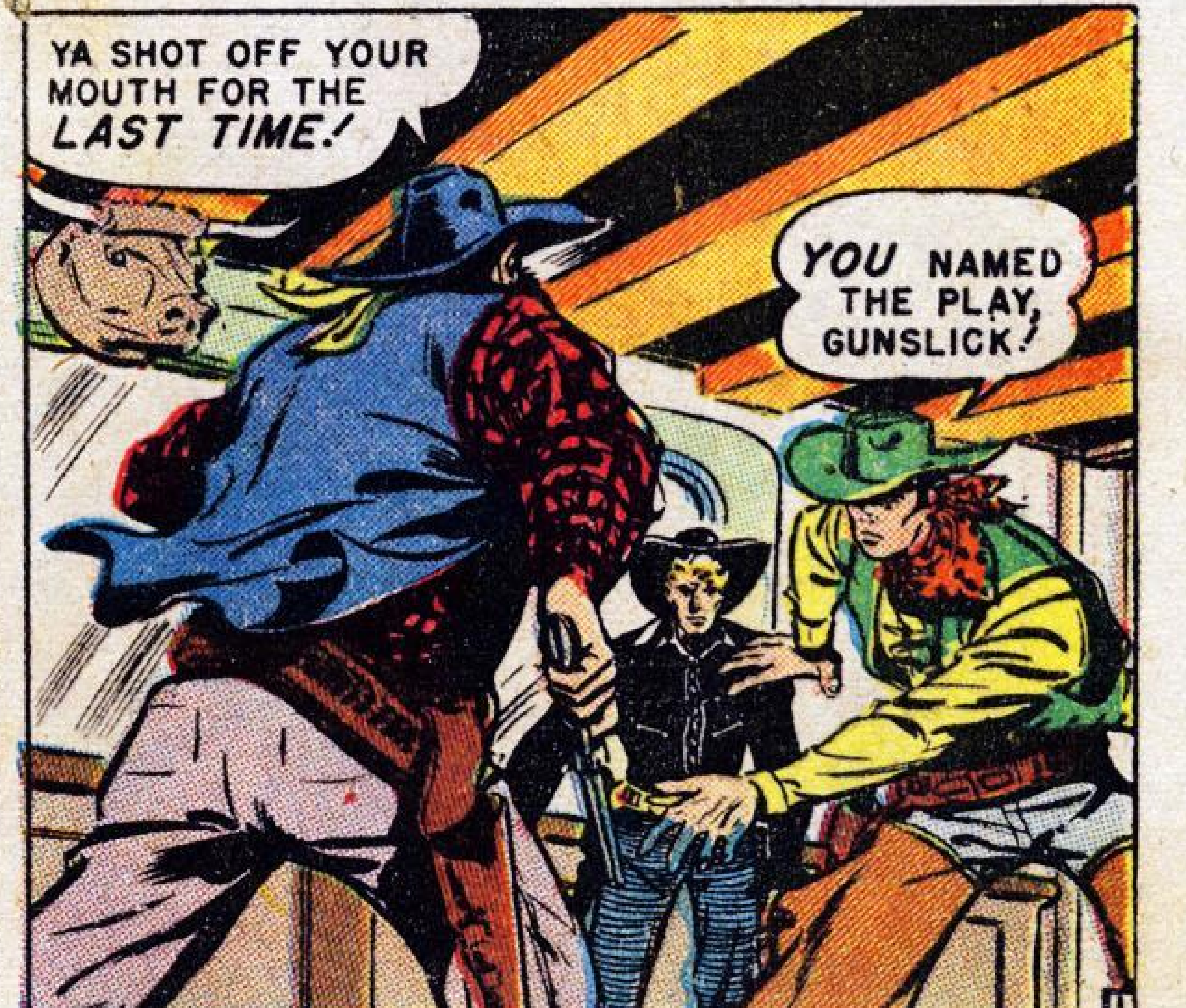
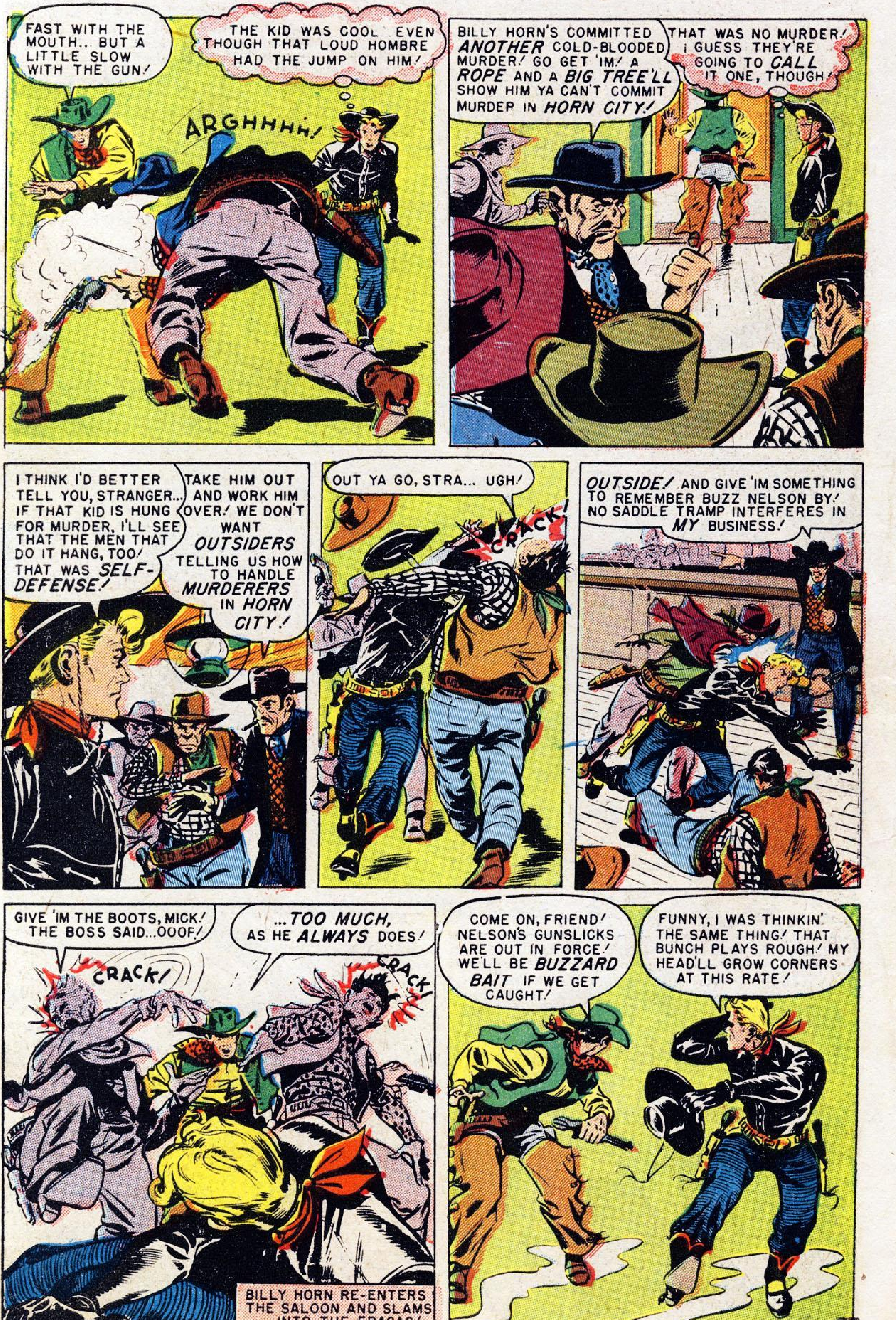
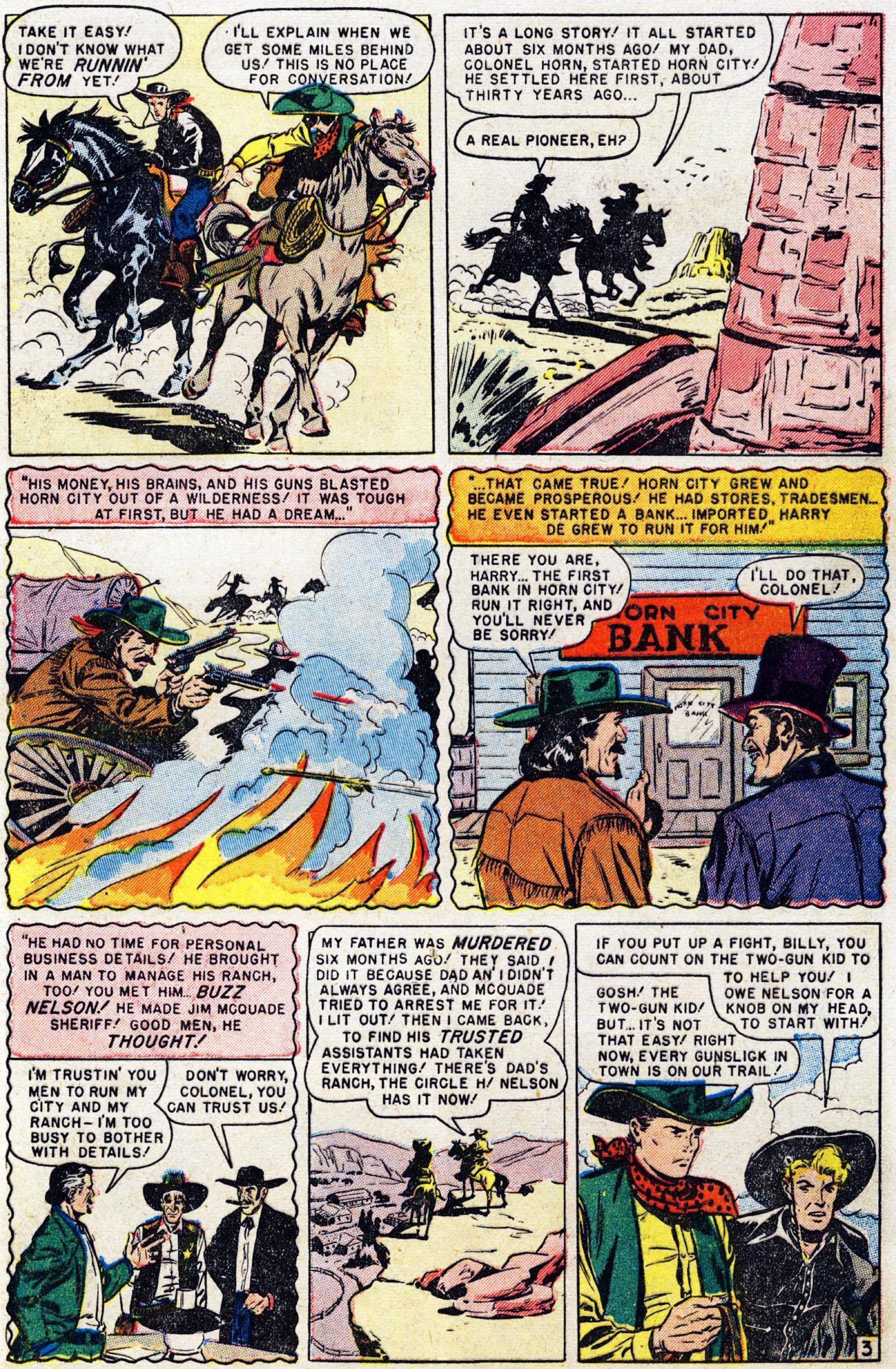

THE TWO-GUN KID
IT'S A TRAP, KID... *RIDE!*
I'LL *RIDE*, ALL RIGHT—BUT NOT IN THE DIRECTION THEY EXPECT! *TEAR INTO EM, CYCLONE!*
"BRAND OF THE KILLERS!"
4382

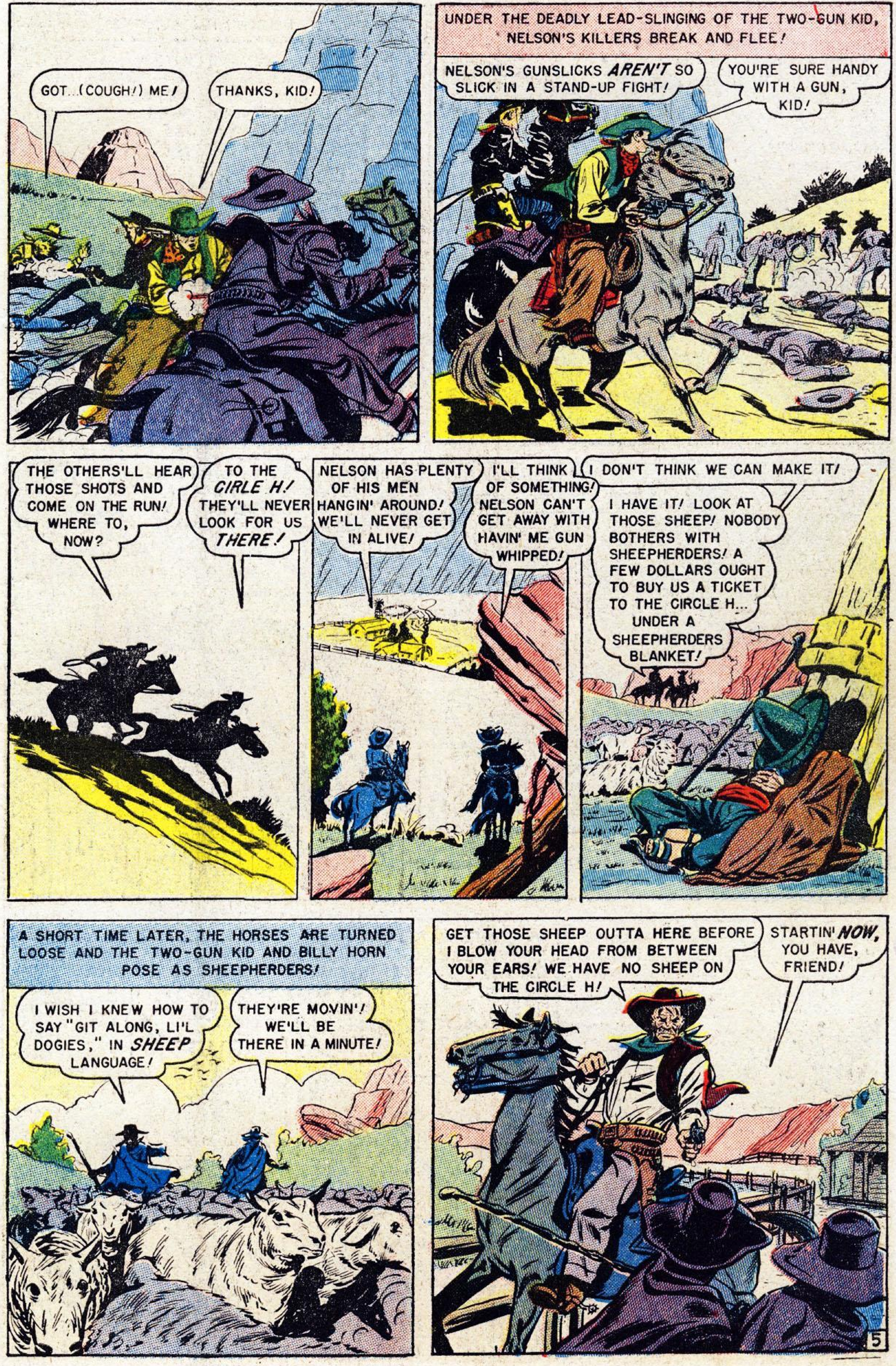

THE BAR OF THE ACE SALOON, HORN CITY...
I'LL TEACH YA NOT TO CALL *BLACKIE ROGERS* NAMES LIKE THAT! I'M GONNA TEAR YA TO *PIECES!*
I DIDN'T HEAR THE KID SAY A WORD! THIS LOOKS LIKE A FRAME-UP TO ME!

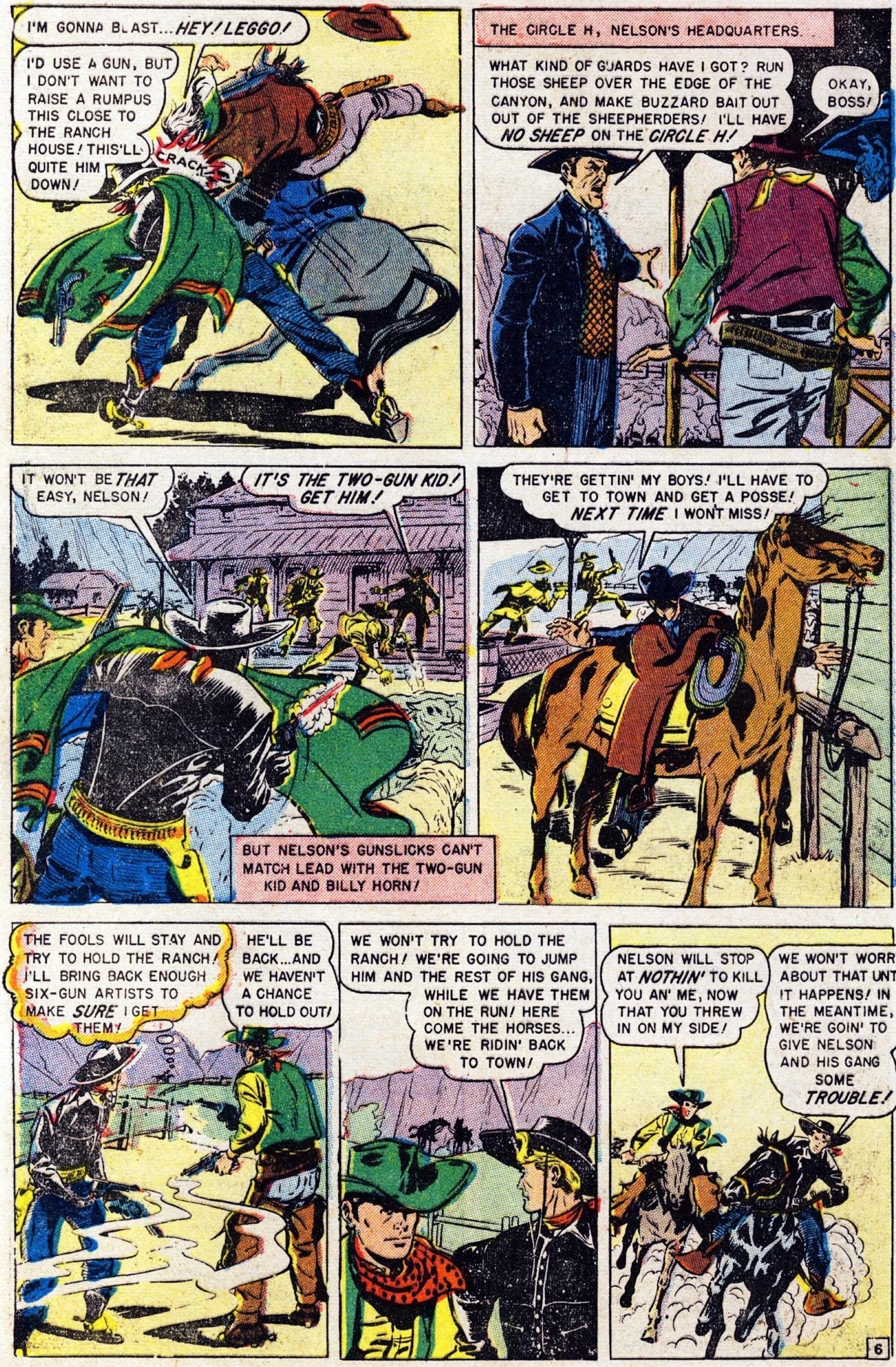

YA SHOT OFF YOUR MOUTH FOR THE *LAST TIME!*
YOU NAMED THE PLAY, GUNSLICK!

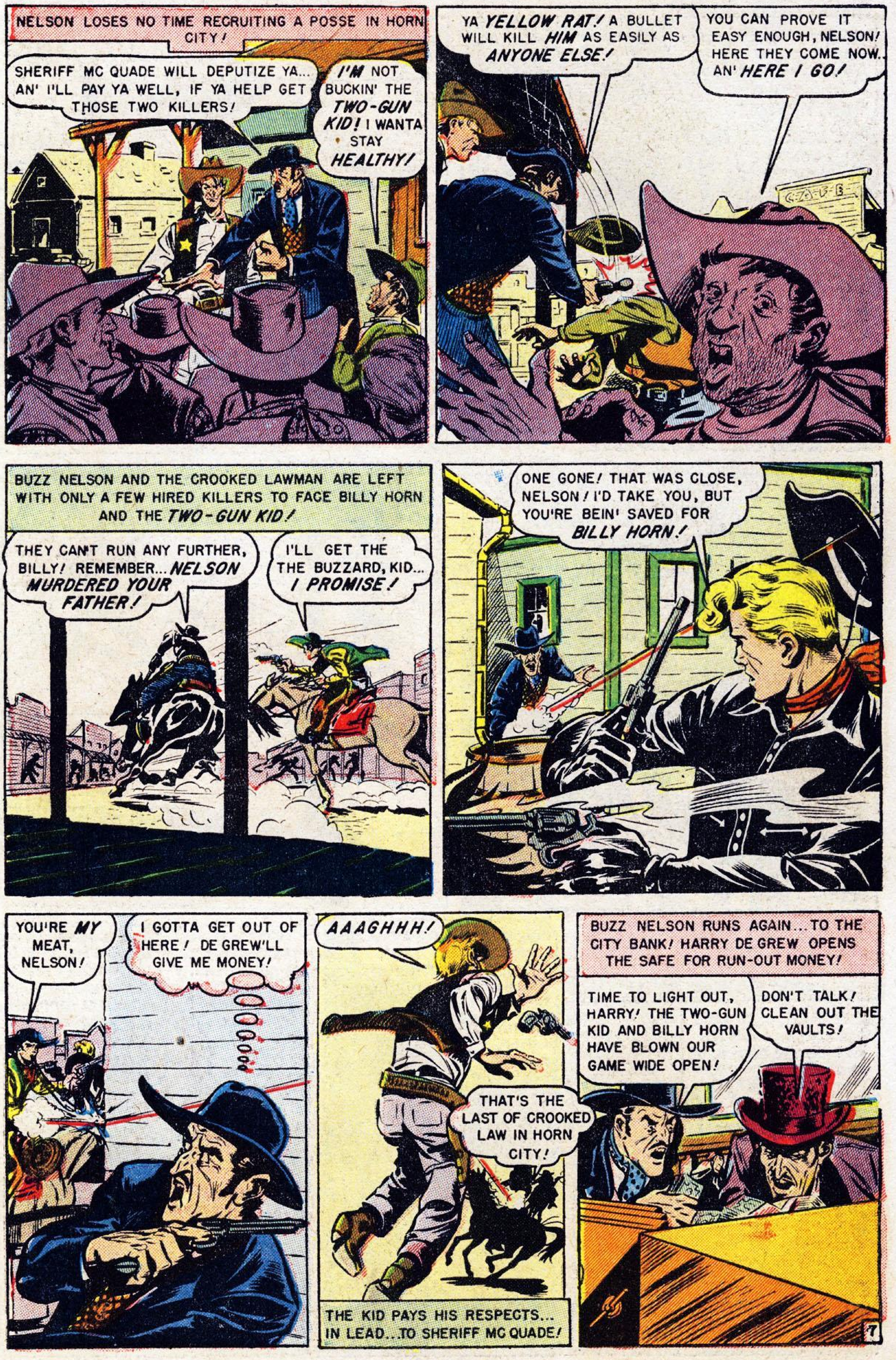

FAST WITH THE MOUTH... BUT A LITTLE SLOW WITH THE GUN!
THE KID WAS COOL EVEN THOUGH THAT LOUD HOMBRE HAD THE JUMP ON HIM!
ARGHHHH!
BILLY HORN'S COMMITTED ANOTHER COLD-BLOODED MURDER! GO GET 'IM! A ROPE AND A BIG TREE'LL SHOW HIM YA CAN'T COMMIT MURDER IN HORN CITY!
THAT WAS NO MURDER! I GUESS THEY'RE GOING TO CALL IT ONE, THOUGH!
I THINK I'D BETTER TELL YOU, STRANGER... IF THAT KID IS HUNG FOR MURDER, I'LL SEE THAT THE MEN THAT DO IT HANG, TOO! THAT WAS SELF-DEFENSE!
TAKE HIM OUT AND WORK HIM OVER! WE DON'T WANT OUTSIDERS TELLING US HOW TO HANDLE MURDERERS IN HORN CITY!
OUT YA GO, STRA... UGH!
CRACK!
OUTSIDE! AND GIVE 'IM SOMETHING TO REMEMBER BUZZ NELSON BY! NO SADDLE TRAMP INTERFERES IN MY BUSINESS!
GIVE 'IM THE BOOTS, MICK! THE BOSS SAID...OOOF!
...TOO MUCH, AS HE ALWAYS DOES!
CRACK!
CRACK!
BILLY HORN RE-ENTERS THE SALOON AND SLAMS INTO THE FRACAS!
COME ON, FRIEND! NELSON'S GUNSLICKS ARE OUT IN FORCE! WE'LL BE BUZZARD BAIT IF WE GET CAUGHT!
FUNNY, I WAS THINKIN' THE SAME THING! THAT BUNCH PLAYS ROUGH! MY HEAD'LL GROW CORNERS AT THIS RATE!

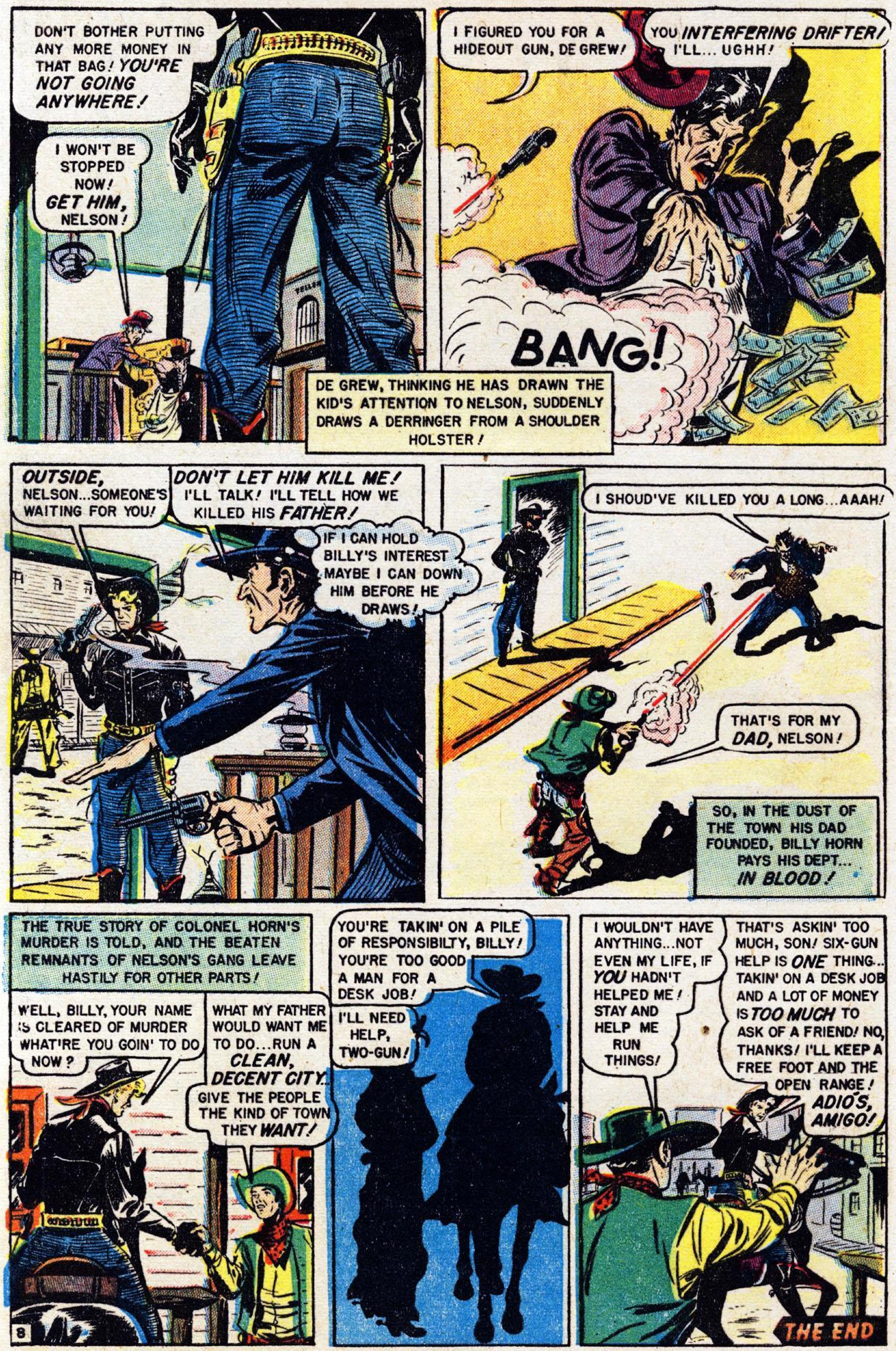

TAKE IT EASY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE *RUNNIN' FROM* YET!
I'LL EXPLAIN WHEN WE GET SOME MILES BEHIND US! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR CONVERSATION!
IT'S A LONG STORY! IT ALL STARTED ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO! MY DAD, COLONEL HORN, STARTED HORN CITY! HE SETTLED HERE FIRST, ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO...
A REAL PIONEER, EH?
"HIS MONEY, HIS BRAINS, AND HIS GUNS BLASTED HORN CITY OUT OF A WILDERNESS! IT WAS TOUGH AT FIRST, BUT HE HAD A DREAM..."
"...THAT CAME TRUE! HORN CITY GREW AND BECAME PROSPEROUS! HE HAD STORES, TRADESMEN... HE EVEN STARTED A BANK... IMPORTED HARRY DE GREW TO RUN IT FOR HIM!"
THERE YOU ARE, HARRY... THE FIRST BANK IN HORN CITY! RUN IT RIGHT, AND YOU'LL NEVER BE SORRY!
I'LL DO THAT, COLONEL!
HORN CITY BANK
HORN CITY BANK
"HE HAD NO TIME FOR PERSONAL BUSINESS DETAILS! HE BROUGHT IN A MAN TO MANAGE HIS RANCH, TOO! YOU MET HIM... *BUZZ NELSON!* HE MADE JIM MCQUADE SHERIFF! GOOD MEN, HE *THOUGHT!*
I'M TRUSTIN' YOU MEN TO RUN MY CITY AND MY RANCH – I'M TOO BUSY TO BOTHER WITH DETAILS!
DON'T WORRY, COLONEL, YOU CAN TRUST US!
MY FATHER WAS *MURDERED* SIX MONTHS AGO! THEY SAID I DID IT BECAUSE DAD AN' I DIDN'T ALWAYS AGREE, AND MCQUADE TRIED TO ARREST ME FOR IT! I LIT OUT! THEN I CAME BACK, TO FIND HIS *TRUSTED* ASSISTANTS HAD TAKEN EVERYTHING! THERE'S DAD'S RANCH, THE CIRCLE H! NELSON HAS IT NOW!
IF YOU PUT UP A FIGHT, BILLY, YOU CAN COUNT ON THE TWO-GUN KID TO TO HELP YOU! I OWE NELSON FOR A KNOB ON MY HEAD, TO START WITH!
GOSH! THE TWO-GUN KID! BUT... IT'S NOT THAT EASY! RIGHT NOW, EVERY GUNSLICK IN TOWN IS ON OUR TRAIL!

MEANWHILE, ALONG THE BACKTRAIL, A GROUP OF RIDERS PICK UP THE TRACKS OF THE FUGITIVES!
TWO MEN CAME THIS WAY! ONE TRACK LOOKS LIKE THE HOSS THAT SKUNK, BILLY HORN, RIDES!
GOOD! THEY'LL BE FULL OF LEAD BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM!
NELSON HAS THE TOWNSMEN CONVINCED THAT I KILLED MY FATHER! I CAN'T FIGHT 'EM ALL! I'M GOING TO CLEAR OUT!
NO, YOU'RE NOT, BILLY! I'LL HELP YOU FIGHT THIS THING! BUZZ NELSON AND HIS KIND ARE A DISGRACE TO THE WEST, AN MUST BE STAMPED OUT!
THE TWO-GUN KID AND BILLY HORN TAKE THE TRAIL OF VENGEANCE!
I'M GLAD YOU HELPED ME MAKE UP MY MIND TO STAY! IT'S SURE GOOD OF YOU, KID!
I'D BE AFTER NELSON ANYHOW! I NEVER LET ANY MAN PUSH ME AROUND!
SUDDENLY, HOT LEAD WHINES IT'S CALL FOR BLOOD!
BUSHWHACKERS!
DON'T SHOOT BACK! RUN FOR IT!
ZING!
THOUGH RELUCTANT TO RUN IN THE FACE OF GUNFIRE, THE TWO-GUN KID PLAYS BILLY'S GAME, AND TOGETHER THEY SLAM AWAY!
THEY AREN'T NELSON'S MEN! THEY'RE HONEST RANCHERS AND TRADESMEN! THEY REALLY THINK I KILLED MY FATHER! I CAN'T KILL'EM FOR THAT!
I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, BILLY! I SURE WISH I COULD BURN POWDER AT SOME OF NELSON'S HIRED KILLERS, THOUGH!
THE WISH IS GRANTED! THE TWO-GUN KID AND BILLY HORN RUN INTO ANOTHER SEARCHING PARTY...THIS TIME IT'S NELSON'S GUNHAWKS!
WE GOT 'EM... UGH!
THEY HAVEN'T GOT US YET!
CRACK!
NELSON'LL PAY ME PLENTY FOR THIS SHOT!
LOOK OUT, BILLY!


GOT...(COUGH!) ME!
THANKS, KID!
UNDER THE DEADLY LEAD-SLINGING OF THE TWO-GUN KID, NELSON'S KILLERS BREAK AND FLEE!
NELSON'S GUNSLICKS *AREN'T* SO SLICK IN A STAND-UP FIGHT!
YOU'RE SURE HANDY WITH A GUN, KID!
THE OTHERS'LL HEAR THOSE SHOTS AND COME ON THE RUN! WHERE TO, NOW?
TO THE *CIRLE H!* THEY'LL NEVER LOOK FOR US *THERE!*
NELSON HAS PLENTY OF HIS MEN HANGIN' AROUND! WE'LL NEVER GET IN ALIVE!
I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING! NELSON CAN'T GET AWAY WITH HAVIN' ME GUN WHIPPED!
I DON'T THINK WE CAN MAKE IT!
I HAVE IT! LOOK AT THOSE SHEEP! NOBODY BOTHERS WITH SHEEPHERDERS! A FEW DOLLARS OUGHT TO BUY US A TICKET TO THE CIRCLE H... UNDER A SHEEPHERDERS BLANKET!
A SHORT TIME LATER, THE HORSES ARE TURNED LOOSE AND THE TWO-GUN KID AND BILLY HORN POSE AS SHEEPHERDERS!
I WISH I KNEW HOW TO SAY "GIT ALONG, LI'L DOGIES," IN *SHEEP* LANGUAGE!
THEY'RE MOVIN'! WE'LL BE THERE IN A MINUTE!
GET THOSE SHEEP OUTTA HERE BEFORE I BLOW YOUR HEAD FROM BETWEEN YOUR EARS! WE HAVE NO SHEEP ON THE CIRCLE H!
STARTIN' *NOW,* YOU HAVE, FRIEND!


I'M GONNA BLAST... *HEY! LEGGO!*
I'D USE A GUN, BUT I DON'T WANT TO RAISE A RUMPUS THIS CLOSE TO THE RANCH HOUSE! THIS'LL QUITE HIM DOWN!
CRACK
THE CIRCLE H, NELSON'S HEADQUARTERS.
WHAT KIND OF GUARDS HAVE I GOT? RUN THOSE SHEEP OVER THE EDGE OF THE CANYON, AND MAKE BUZZARD BAIT OUT OUT OF THE SHEEPHERDERS! I'LL HAVE *NO SHEEP* ON THE *CIRCLE H!*
OKAY, BOSS!
IT WON'T BE *THAT* EASY, NELSON!
IT'S THE TWO-GUN KID! GET HIM!
BUT NELSON'S GUNSLICKS CAN'T MATCH LEAD WITH THE TWO-GUN KID AND BILLY HORN!
THEY'RE GETTIN' MY BOYS! I'LL HAVE TO GET TO TOWN AND GET A POSSE! *NEXT TIME* I WON'T MISS!
THE FOOLS WILL STAY AND TRY TO HOLD THE RANCH! I'LL BRING BACK ENOUGH SIX-GUN ARTISTS TO MAKE *SURE* I GET THEM!
HE'LL BE BACK...AND WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE TO HOLD OUT!
WE WON'T TRY TO HOLD THE RANCH! WE'RE GOING TO JUMP HIM AND THE REST OF HIS GANG, WHILE WE HAVE THEM ON THE RUN! HERE COME THE HORSES... WE'RE RIDIN' BACK TO TOWN!
NELSON WILL STOP AT *NOTHIN'* TO KILL YOU AN' ME, NOW THAT YOU THREW IN ON MY SIDE!
WE WON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT UNTIL IT HAPPENS! IN THE MEANTIME, WE'RE GOIN' TO GIVE NELSON AND HIS GANG SOME *TROUBLE!*


NELSON LOSES NO TIME RECRUITING A POSSE IN HORN CITY!
SHERIFF MC QUADE WILL DEPUTIZE YA... AN' I'LL PAY YA WELL, IF YA HELP GET THOSE TWO KILLERS!
I'M NOT BUCKIN' THE TWO-GUN KID! I WANTA STAY HEALTHY!
YA YELLOW RAT! A BULLET WILL KILL HIM AS EASILY AS ANYONE ELSE!
YOU CAN PROVE IT EASY ENOUGH, NELSON! HERE THEY COME NOW.. AN' HERE I GO!
CAFE
BUZZ NELSON AND THE CROOKED LAWMAN ARE LEFT WITH ONLY A FEW HIRED KILLERS TO FACE BILLY HORN AND THE TWO-GUN KID!
THEY CAN'T RUN ANY FURTHER, BILLY! REMEMBER... NELSON MURDERED YOUR FATHER!
I'LL GET THE THE BUZZARD, KID... I PROMISE!
ONE GONE! THAT WAS CLOSE, NELSON! I'D TAKE YOU, BUT YOU'RE BEIN' SAVED FOR BILLY HORN!
YOU'RE MY MEAT, NELSON!
I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE! DE GREW'LL GIVE ME MONEY!
AAAGHHH!
THAT'S THE LAST OF CROOKED LAW IN HORN CITY!
THE KID PAYS HIS RESPECTS... IN LEAD.. TO SHERIFF MC QUADE!
BUZZ NELSON RUNS AGAIN... TO THE CITY BANK! HARRY DE GREW OPENS THE SAFE FOR RUN-OUT MONEY!
TIME TO LIGHT OUT, HARRY! THE TWO-GUN KID AND BILLY HORN HAVE BLOWN OUR GAME WIDE OPEN!
DON'T TALK! CLEAN OUT THE VAULTS!


DON'T BOTHER PUTTING ANY MORE MONEY IN THAT BAG! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
I WON'T BE STOPPED NOW! GET HIM, NELSON!
I FIGURED YOU FOR A HIDEOUT GUN, DE GREW!
YOU INTERFERING DRIFTER! I'LL... UGHH!
BANG!
DE GREW, THINKING HE HAS DRAWN THE KID'S ATTENTION TO NELSON, SUDDENLY DRAWS A DERRINGER FROM A SHOULDER HOLSTER!
OUTSIDE, NELSON...SOMEONE'S WAITING FOR YOU!
DON'T LET HIM KILL ME! I'LL TALK! I'LL TELL HOW WE KILLED HIS FATHER!
IF I CAN HOLD BILLY'S INTEREST MAYBE I CAN DOWN HIM BEFORE HE DRAWS!
I SHOUD'VE KILLED YOU A LONG...AAAH!
THAT'S FOR MY DAD, NELSON!
SO, IN THE DUST OF THE TOWN HIS DAD FOUNDED, BILLY HORN PAYS HIS DEPT... IN BLOOD!
THE TRUE STORY OF COLONEL HORN'S MURDER IS TOLD, AND THE BEATEN REMNANTS OF NELSON'S GANG LEAVE HASTILY FOR OTHER PARTS!
WELL, BILLY, YOUR NAME IS CLEARED OF MURDER WHAT'RE YOU GOIN' TO DO NOW?
WHAT MY FATHER WOULD WANT ME TO DO...RUN A CLEAN, DECENT CITY... GIVE THE PEOPLE THE KIND OF TOWN THEY WANT!
YOU'RE TAKIN' ON A PILE OF RESPONSIBILTY, BILLY! YOU'RE TOO GOOD A MAN FOR A DESK JOB!
I'LL NEED HELP, TWO-GUN!
I WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING...NOT EVEN MY LIFE, IF YOU HADN'T HELPED ME! STAY AND HELP ME RUN THINGS!
THAT'S ASKIN' TOO MUCH, SON! SIX-GUN HELP IS ONE THING... TAKIN' ON A DESK JOB AND A LOT OF MONEY IS TOO MUCH TO ASK OF A FRIEND! NO, THANKS! I'LL KEEP A FREE FOOT AND THE OPEN RANGE! ADIO'S, AMIGO!
THE END

MARVEL
COMIC GROUP

a letter to our readers and their PARENTS!

HI, FRIENDS:

It has been reliably reported that in England, back in the 18th Century, book stores were called "slop shops of literature," simply because they sold novels. And that was the century in which some of our greatest classics were written; the century of Dafoe, who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and Swift and his *Gulliver's Travels*. It was also the century of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the brightest stars in the history of English literature. And it was Dr. Johnson who most vociferously defended the right of booksellers to sell the new, much abused novels and the right of authors to express themselves in this medium if they desired.

But what Dr. Johnson defended most enthusiastically was the right of the public to *read what they wanted to read*. And what we are defending is the right of youngsters to read whichever they like of the many, many good, clean comics currently being published.

Just as the critics of the 18th Century rapped the books which are now classics, in the same way there are critics of today, screaming and tearing out their hair, because a new kind of magazine, still in its infancy, is not to their liking. And as in the case of the novel, it is still too early for any man to pass judgment on the comics.

Let these critics of today look to their history. Let them decide if they want to be remembered as the 20th Century counterpart of the people who called Robinson Crusoe "slop".

And let the people of America decide if they want to be swayed by critics exercising premature judgment . . . or if they want to wait and watch, and soon realize that most comic magazines are really good, clean, healthful and entertaining reading matter..

THE EDITORS,
MARVEL COMIC GROUP

P. S.—Remember: Dr. Jean Thompson, School Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau, New York City Board of Education, is now our Editorial Consultant. Dr. Thompson's professional examination of our magazines, as advisor to our staff, (see Page 1) is your guarantee that the Marvel Comic Group magazines are striving to bring you the very best in reading matter . . . and it is also your best argument that no one should ever take away your right to read these magazines.

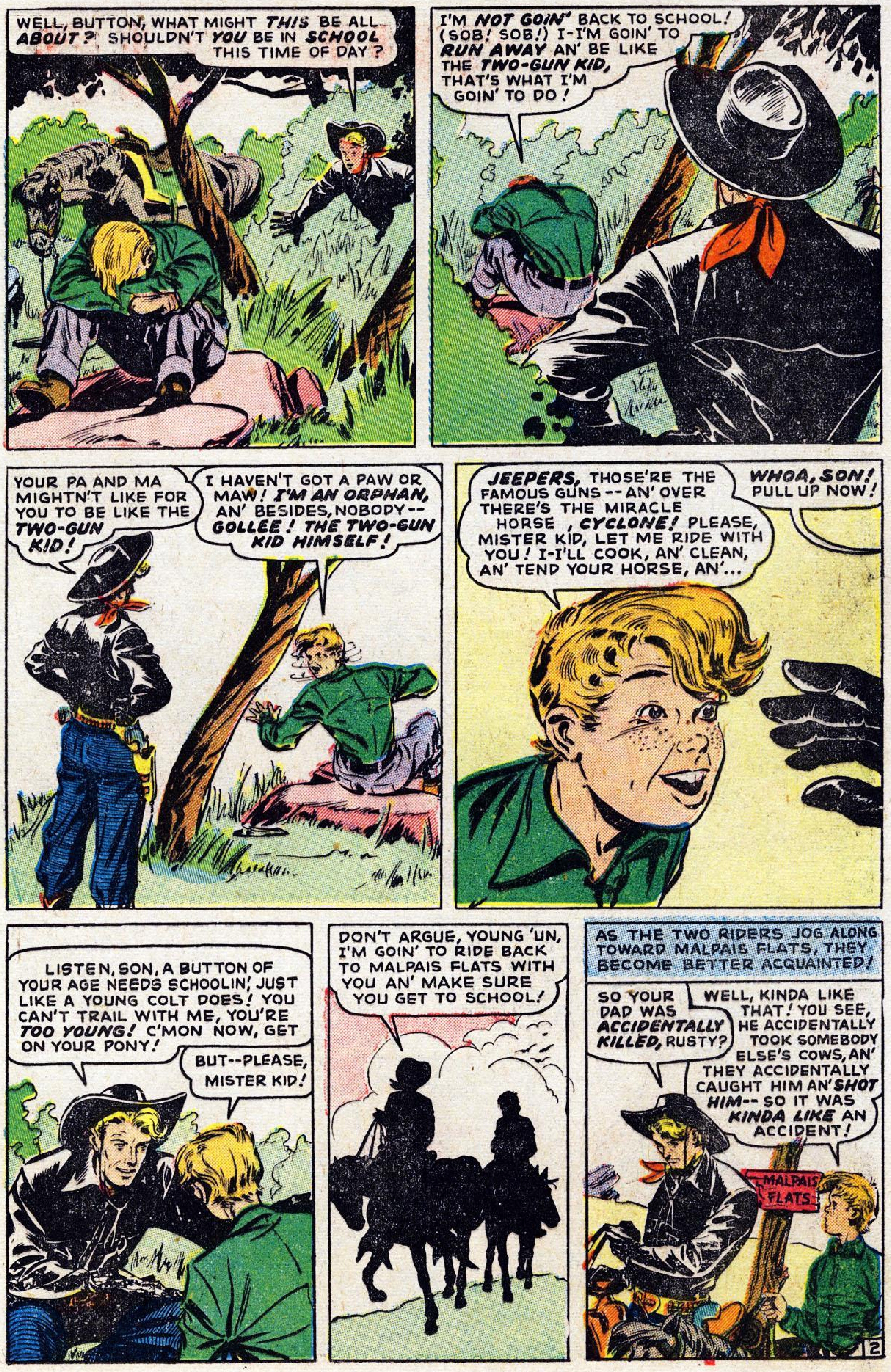
RED UNIT

ALL WESTERN WINNERS
BLAZE CARSON
BLONDE PHANTOM
CAPTAIN AMERICA
CINDY
COMEDY COMICS
GEORGIE AND JUDY
HEDY DeVINE
HUMAN TORCH
JEANIE
JOKER COMIC
KID COLT
LANA
MARGIE
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS
MILLIE THE MODEL
NELLIE THE NURSE
PATSY WALKER
SUB MARINER
TEEN COMICS
TESSIE THE TYPIST
TEX MORGAN
TEX TAYLOR
TWO GUN KID
WILD WESTERN
WILLIE

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

ALL TRUE CRIME CASES
COMPLETE MYSTERY
CRIMEFIGHTERS ALWAYS WIN
FRANKIE AND LANA
GAY COMICS
IDEAL COMICS
JUNIOR MISS
JUSTICE COMICS
LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE
MITZI'S BOY FRIEND
MY ROMANCE
OSCAR

TWO-GUN KID
IN
"FINE FEATHERS and FLYING FISTS!"
SUPPORTED BY
RUSTY RANDOLPH
MISS KITTY, THE SCHOOLMARM
JAKE LEDBETTER
CURLEY JOHNSON
SAM FOSTER
AND FEATURING
CYCLONE, THE MIRACLE HORSE!
4619
NOT BAD, NOT BAD! LOOKS PRETTY GOOD, HEY, CYCLONE? I'LL JUST LEAVE THESE OLD DUDS HERE!
...$80 -- $90 -- $100! YUP, I'VE STILL GOT $100 LEFT! BOY, IT'S A SWELL DAY AND WE HAVEN'T GOT A CARE IN THE WORLD!
LET'S GIT GOIN', CYCLONE! WE SURE ARE SITTING PRETTY! GOT $100 IN MY POCKET AND ALL NEW CLOTHES ON MY BACK!
YES, SIR, NOT A WORRY IN THE -- WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE A HUMAN CRITTER SOBBIN' AN' BAWLIN'! RECKON I'LL TAKE A LOOK-SEE!
1


WELL, BUTTON, WHAT MIGHT THIS BE ALL ABOUT? SHOULDN'T YOU BE IN SCHOOL THIS TIME OF DAY?
I'M NOT GOIN' BACK TO SCHOOL! (SOB! SOB!) I-I'M GOIN' TO RUN AWAY AN' BE LIKE THE TWO-GUN KID, THAT'S WHAT I'M GOIN' TO DO!
YOUR PA AND MA MIGHTN'T LIKE FOR YOU TO BE LIKE THE TWO-GUN KID!
I HAVEN'T GOT A PAW OR MAW! I'M AN ORPHAN, AN' BESIDES, NOBODY-- GOLLEE! THE TWO-GUN KID HIMSELF!
JEEPERS, THOSE'RE THE FAMOUS GUNS -- AN' OVER THERE'S THE MIRACLE HORSE, CYCLONE! PLEASE, MISTER KID, LET ME RIDE WITH YOU! I-I'LL COOK, AN' CLEAN, AN' TEND YOUR HORSE, AN'...
WHOA, SON! PULL UP NOW!
LISTEN, SON, A BUTTON OF YOUR AGE NEEDS SCHOOLIN', JUST LIKE A YOUNG COLT DOES! YOU CAN'T TRAIL WITH ME, YOU'RE TOO YOUNG! C'MON NOW, GET ON YOUR PONY!
BUT--PLEASE, MISTER KID!
DON'T ARGUE, YOUNG 'UN, I'M GOIN' TO RIDE BACK TO MALPAIS FLATS WITH YOU AN' MAKE SURE YOU GET TO SCHOOL!
AS THE TWO RIDERS JOG ALONG TOWARD MALPAIS FLATS, THEY BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTED!
SO YOUR DAD WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED, RUSTY?
WELL, KINDA LIKE THAT! YOU SEE, HE ACCIDENTALLY TOOK SOMEBODY ELSE'S COWS, AN' THEY ACCIDENTALLY CAUGHT HIM AN' SHOT HIM-- SO IT WAS KINDA LIKE AN ACCIDENT!
MALPAIS FLATS
2

THAT'S THE SCHOOLHOUSE, MISTER KID, AN' THAT'S MISS KITTY, OUR SCHOOLMARM, STANDIN' OUT FRONT!
WELL! THAT LITTLE LADY IS AS PRETTY AS A PALAMINO FILLY!
SCH
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, THE TWO-GUN KID'S HEART DOES NIP-UPS, AT THE SIGHT OF THE PRETTY SCHOOLTEACHER!
MISS KITTY, MA'AM, I FOUND DINKY HIDIN' IN THE SAGE-BRUSH, SO I BROUGHT HIM BACK TO SCHOOL!
WELL, THANK YOU, MISTER--ER--!
HOUSE
HE'S THE TWO-GUN KID!
WHAT'S THAT RUSTY RANDOLPH BRAT DOIN' HERE, KITTY? I TOLD YOU TO KICK HIM OUT!
I DON'T TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU, JAKE LEDBETTER!
WE'RE NOT GONNA HAVE OUR KIDS SIT IN THE SAME CLASSROOM WITH A KID WHOSE OLD MAN WAS HANGED FOR RUSTLIN'!
HE'S RIGHT!
DEAD RIGHT!
GET OUT OF HERE, YA LITTLE BUM, AN' KEEP GOIN'!
JAKE, YOU KEEP YOUR DIRTY HANDS OFF RUSTY!
SEE? I'LL HAVE TO RIDE OUT WITH YOU!
OH, NO YOU WON'T, RUSTY! I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU IN SCHOOL IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! AND BESIDES--THESE POLECATS NEED A LESSON IN MANNERS!
DID I HEAR YOU SAY POLECAT, SIR?
WHY, NO! I SAID POLECATS— MEANIN' ALL THREE OF YOU!

WHY, YOU-- I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT..!
WE'LL GET HIM!-- OOOF!
C'MON, YOU LILY-LIVERED COYOTES-- YOU'RE FACING A MAN NOW, NOT A BUTTON!
SAMPLE THAT, POLECAT!
CRACK
GUSTY OATHS, THE STAMP OF BOOTS IN THE DUST, THE SLOG OF HEAVY BLOWS-- THERE CAN BE BUT ONE RESULT AS THE TWO-GUN KID FLAMES INTO ACTION!
THAT WILL BE ALL FOR YOU, PARD!
BAM!
MA'AM, I RECKON YOU WON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH THAT SKUNK AND HIS PARDS! HERE, TAKE THIS $100 TO TAKE CARE OF RUSTY! IT'S ALL I'VE GOT!
I'LL TAKE IT FOR RUSTY, BUT YOU GET OUT! THAT SKUNK --I MEAN, JAKE, IS MY HUSBAND, YOU--YOU GUNFIGHTIN' BULLY!
SO THE KID RIDES AWAY, NO LONGER THE DEBONAIR, WELL DRESSED KNIGHT OF THE TRAILS WITH MONEY IN HIS POCKET! NOW HE'S BROKE AND LOOKS LIKE A DIRTY TRAMP!
BUT IT WAS WORTH IT, CYCLONE, TO MAKE SURE THAT RUSTY HAD SCHOOLIN' AND A SAFE PLACE IN TOWN TO LIVE! AND TO MAKE SURE HE DIDN'T TAG ALONG AFTER US-- HEY, WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
CLOP! CLOP!
GEE, MISTER KID, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT MAD! I-I JUST HAD TO COME AFTER YOU! AFTER ALL YOU DID FOR ME, I COULDN'T LET YOU RIDE OUT ALONE!
WHAT'S THE USE? I GIVE UP!
THE END

GHOST STORY

IT was a cold, dreary, rainy night with plenty of thunder, and me and my buddy, Bobo, were walking along tired and hungry, looking for a place to eat and a convenient barn with lots of soft fresh hay. We hadn't eaten since morning, and my stomach felt as hollow as a bass drum. I was weak all over.

"I'm hungry, Bobo," I said, "and I'm tired. I wish we could stop and rest awhile—my feet are killing me."

He shook his shaggy head. "Not yet, kid. We gotta find some hot chow and then a place to sleep outa the rain and damp. This kinda weather will give a fellow a chill, and that leads to pneumonia. And we can't get sick, couldn't afford it in the first place."

We'd been following the railroad tracks, but now we turned off to one side through the woods toward a hobo jungle that Bobo knew about. He was my buddy, and if it hadn't been for him with his wise, cautious ways, I don't know what I'd have done. I was wandering around the country, friendless and alone when I met him, and he took a liking to me, sheltering me like a mother cat shelters her kittens. He was a good guy, Bobo was.

Finally, through the trees we caught a flickering glimmer of light, and we saw that it was back close to the railroad tracks. Pushing through the wet trees and grass, we finally got close enough to see three men huddled around a small fire. They were cooking some food in a large rusty can, and in another can coffee was brewing. Mmmm! It sure did smell elegant. My mouth began to water as if I were sitting down to a full course dinner with all the trimmings.

We stepped into the little circle of men and light and sat down as though we'd lived there all our lives. We were too hungry to care. Nobody said anything, and I realized right away that we weren't going to get any of that food. There wasn't enough to go around.

"I'm Bobo Hawkins," Bobo said, and pointing to me, "and this here's Dale Hunter, a pal of mine. We saw your light and smelled your food and thought we'd join you for awhile."

The three men just looked at us coldly, and then finally the oldest and toughest looking of the lot spoke up, "I'm Frisco Red, this here's Tiny, and the big one is Buster."

Buster grunted roughly at us, Tiny squinted his little evil eyes at us, and Frisco just stared icily at us. It was uncomfortable, to say the least, especially when we knew they wouldn't offer to share the food with us, and it sure did smell good! Buster got up and began to stir the stew, and I almost keeled over on my face I was so hungry for some of it.

"Any of you fellows been in this neck of the woods before?" Bobo asked casually.

Frisco shook his head and growled, "Naw. Why?"

Bobo settled back against a tree. "You're taking a big chance, that's why."

I began to wonder what Bobo was up to, but I knew very well he had something up his sleeve. Bobo had a reason for everything he did and said.

"There was a murder around here about—let me see—about seven or eight years ago. A fellow and his dog were killed."

Tiny spoke up for the first time in a high pitched, squeaking voice, "So what? We didn't have nothing to do with it. We ain't never been here before!"

"I just thought I'd warn you, that's all," Bobo said. "This guy who was killed was an ornery bird, tall and skinny, with a long black beard. His beard musta been all of two feet long." Bobo held out his hands to emphasize the dimensions of the beard. "And he was always with a big white dog, a mean animal, too."

Everybody was beginning to listen carefully to what Bobo was saying. Even Buster had stopped stirring the stew and was watching him.

"Well, some robbers passing through here caught this old guy and knocked him off for his money. The dog kinda objected to the rough treatment and attacked the men so they killed him, too. It ain't been safe around here since. Me and Dale was just passing through tonight, and we seen your light and thought we'd come over and tell you about it so you'd be careful."

Frisco looked at Buster, and Buster looked at Tiny, and Tiny looked at Bobo. Everbody was getting nervous—including me.

But Bobo continued to talk.

"Yep, things got mighty tough around here after that. This old fellow and his dog still roam these parts at night. Some people have seen 'em walking along. Four or five people have disappeared and never been heard of again. And several bodies have been found. They were mangled, as if a big dog had attacked them."

I was getting scared myself, listening to Bobo talk in that raspy, whispery voice of his. The thunder had increased from dull rumblings to shattering smashes, and the rain had become rather heavy. Then all of a sudden a blaze of lightning split the pitch-black darkness of the night, illuminating the trees, the woods, and the railroad tracks in a weird yellow light.

"Looka there!" Frisco shouted, pointing toward the railroad tracks with a trembling hand.

There, coming down the tracks, was a man with a long black beard, and he was leading a big white dog on a leash!

It was a ghostly looking sight, what with the lightning and the thunder and the rain. And when we saw the man and the dog again, they were headed down the tracks right opposite where we were all crouched over the fire.

Frisco was the first to break. With a strangled "Awk!", he started to run through the woods. Then Tiny screeched, "I'm gettin' outa here!" Last of all to leave was Buster, but he took off like a thirty-ton truck. They sounded like a herd of wild elephants crashing through the woods, falling all over each other in their frantic haste to get away. Finally it was quiet again—just the dripping of the rain and Bobo's breathing were all I could hear.

My teeth started chattering, and it wasn't because of the cold. I started to move, but Bobo caught me by the arm and held me tight. "Keep quiet, kid," he said. "You don't have to run anywhere, there's nothing to be scared of."

Then the lightning hit again, and I could see the bearded old man and the dog moving along down the tracks and around the far bend. We watched them go as the lightning flashed on and off, and finally they were gone.

The rain had stopped by now, and the thunder died down, and Bobo turned back to the fire. "Here, kid, have some stew," he said. "I'm starving."

"But what about the ghosts—the old man and the dog? I'm scared." My teeth were still chattering, and I was cold all over.

Bobo laughed at me and took a big mouthful of the steaming stew. "There ain't no ghosts, Dale. I seen the old man with the dog about half an hour ago. You didn't see them coming toward the tracks, and this oughta be a lesson to you—always keep your eyes open. I figured they'd be coming along about now, just about the time I finished telling the story. I hadda tell them something so we could run them off and get something to eat."

I breathed easier and took a bite of the stew and a swallow of coffee. Boy, but it was good! It tasted like heaven!

After we had finished and were happily full, Bobo turned to me and said, "Let's go, kid. I know where there's a barn and some hay near here, and we won't be bothered by Frisco and his gang. They've had all the ghost stories they're gonna want for *this* night!"

THE END SL-3587

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of Two-Gun Kid published Bimonthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1948.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert Solomon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Two-Gun Kid and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Marvel Comics, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Business Manager, Robert Solomon, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Marvel Comics, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Jean Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

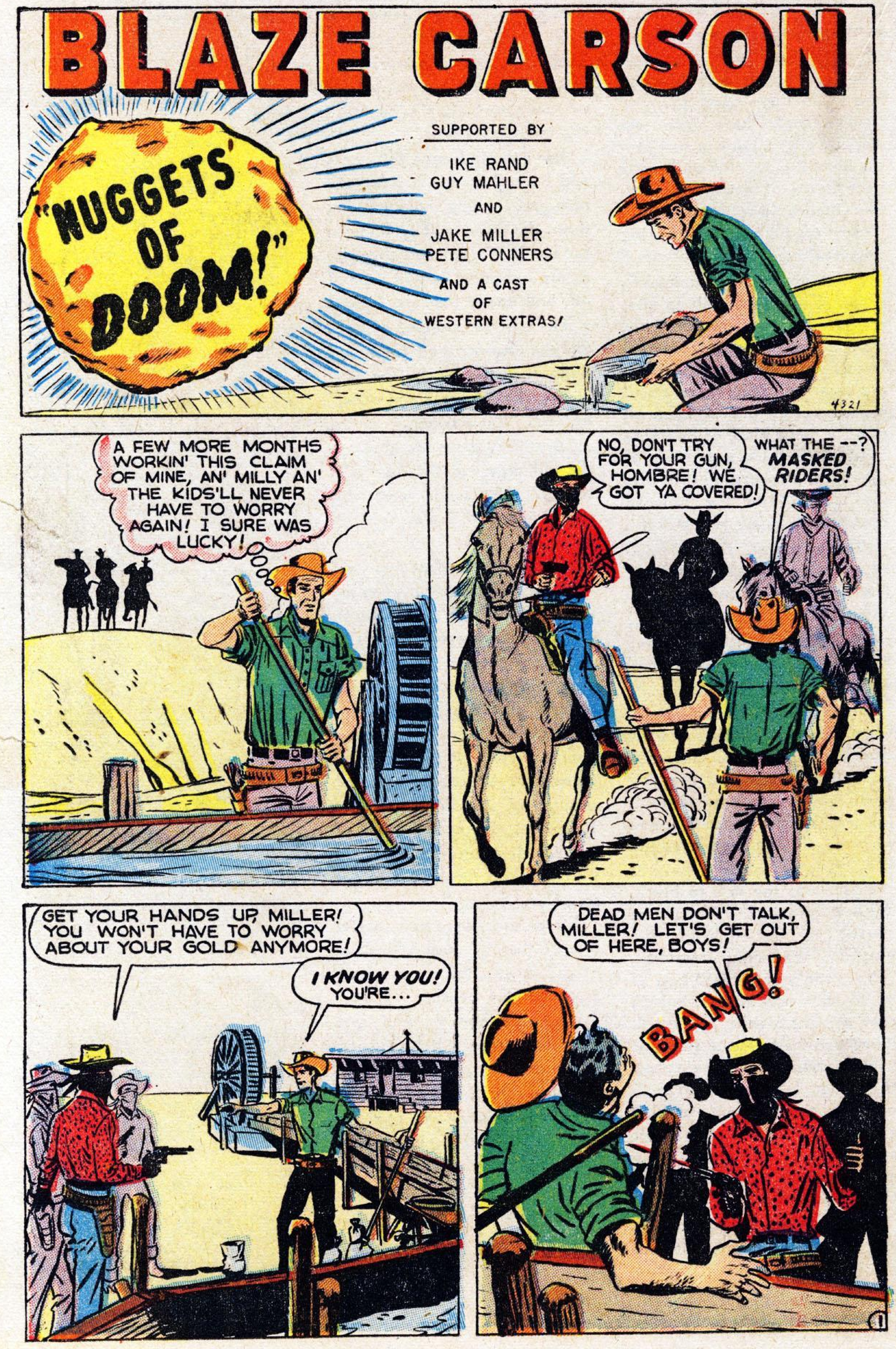
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ...... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) ROBERT SOLOMON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1948.

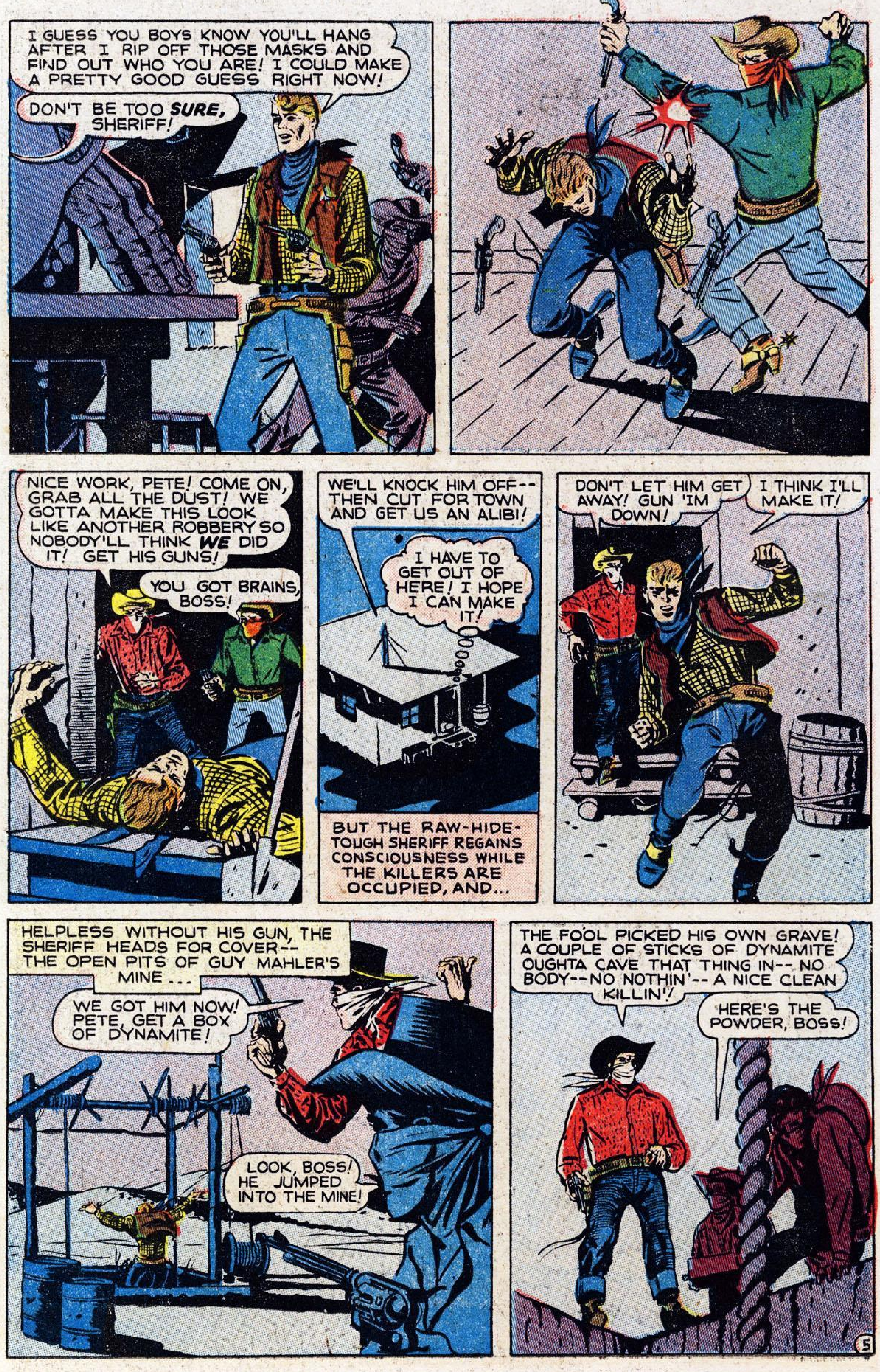
(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.
(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)


BLAZE CARSON
"NUGGETS OF DOOM!"
SUPPORTED BY
IKE RAND
GUY MAHLER
AND
JAKE MILLER
PETE CONNERS
AND A CAST OF WESTERN EXTRAS!
4321
A FEW MORE MONTHS WORKIN' THIS CLAIM OF MINE, AN' MILLY AN' THE KIDS'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY AGAIN! I SURE WAS LUCKY!
NO, DON'T TRY FOR YOUR GUN, HOMBRE! WE GOT YA COVERED!
WHAT THE --? *MASKED RIDERS!*
GET YOUR HANDS UP, MILLER! YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR GOLD ANYMORE!
I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE...
DEAD MEN DON'T TALK, MILLER! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, BOYS!
BANG!
1

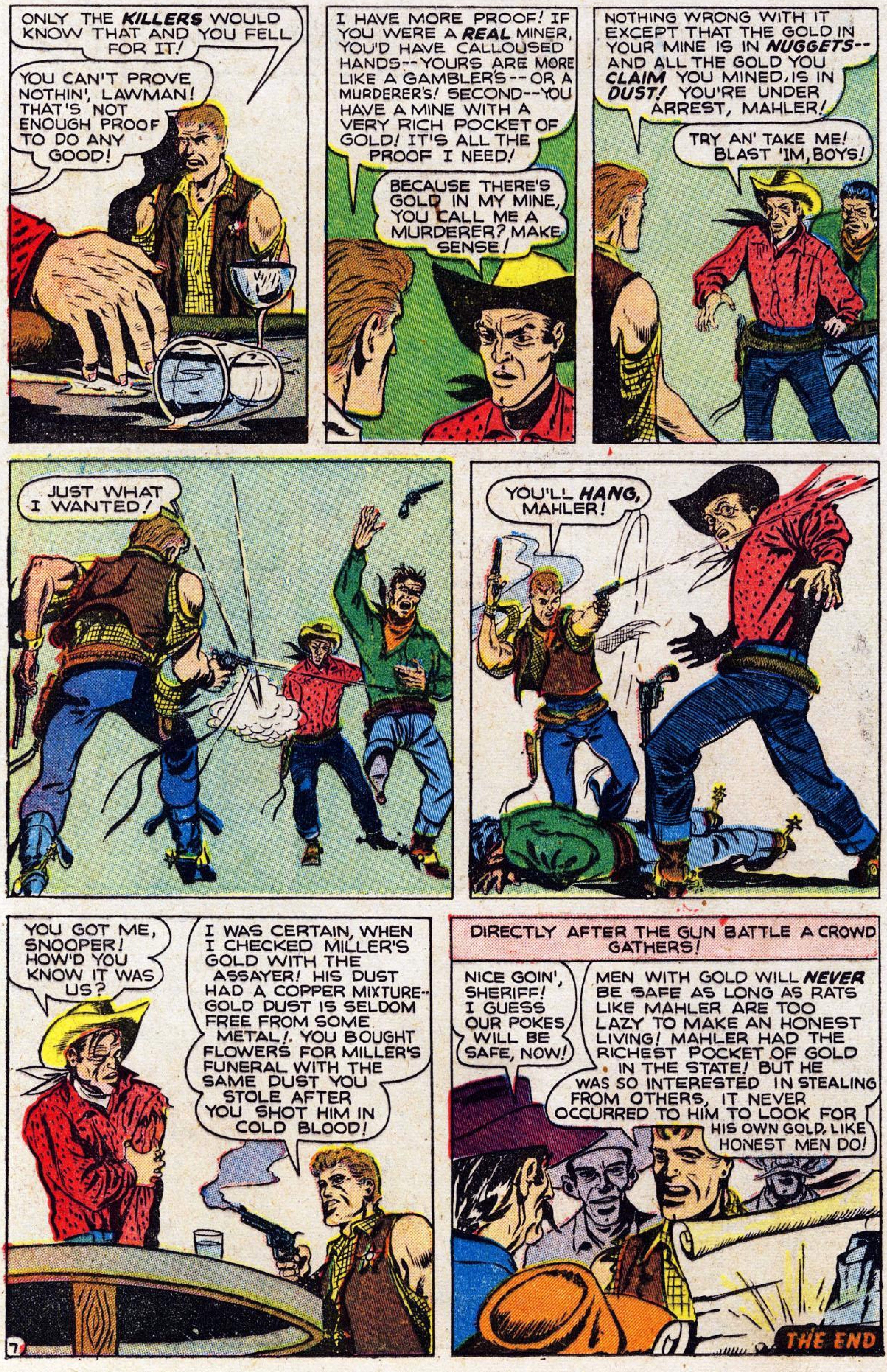
ATTRACTED BY THE SHOT, BLAZE CARSON, SHERIFF, RIDES UP A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE MASKED RIDERS MAKE THEIR GETAWAY!
ANOTHER MAN MURDERED FOR A FEW OUNCES OF GOLD! THAT GANG OF KILLERS IS TAKIN' NO CHANCES ON HAVING THEIR VICTIMS TALK!
SHORTLY A GROUP OF NEIGHBORING MINERS GATHER AT THE SCENE OF THE BRUTAL TRAGEDY!
NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM NOW! TAKE HIM AWAY, BOYS, AND SEE THAT HE GETS A DECENT BURIAL!
IT'S A SHAME, SHERIFF! ISN'T THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO?
HERE'S SOME GOLD DUST...BUY HIM SOME FLOWERS TO COVER HIS GRAVE!
YOU SHOULDN'T THROW GOLD AROUND LIKE THAT, MAHLER! YOU'LL BE THE NEXT VICTIM OF THE GANG IF THEY FIND OUT YOU'VE STRUCK IT RICH!
ME AN' MY THREE PARTNERS CAN HANDLE ANY TROUBLE THAT COMES OUR WAY!
YOU HAVE PLENTY OF CONFIDENCE, MAHLER! I STILL ADVISE YOU TO BE CAREFUL!
FUNNY LOOKING MINERS! MINING GOLD IS HARD WORK BUT THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE HARD WORKING MINERS TO ME! GUESS I'LL RIDE TO TOWN AND ASK A FEW QUESTIONS!
LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF THE ASSAYER, THE ONE MAN WHO KNOWS EVERY MINER'S BUSINESS...
I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT A FEW THINGS IF YOU HAVE TIME!
ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP YOU, SHERIFF! FIRE AWAY!
AND YOU SAY IKE RAND HAS THE RICHEST CLAIM IN THE DISTRICT? WELL, I GUESS I'LL TAKE A RIDE OUT TO IKE'S PLACE BEFORE SOMEBODY BEATS ME TO IT! THANKS A LOT!
GLAD TO BE OF HELP TO YOU AND IKE RAND BOTH, SHERIFF! IKE HAS A FAMILY-- I'D HATE TO SEE ANYTHING HAPPEN TO HIM!

THE CLAIM OF IKE RAND, ANOTHER PROSPECTOR WHO STRUCK IT RICH!
LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU FINALLY MADE YOUR STRIKE, IKE! THAT CIGAR MUST BE A TWO-BIT ONE AT LEAST!
YEP, SHERIFF, ME AN THE FAMILY ARE ON EASY STREET FROM NOW ON!
ONE MORE WEEK ON THE CLAIM, AND WE'LL BE ALL SET! THE WIFE AND KIDS HAD SLIM PICKIN'S ALL THESE YEARS-- BUT THAT'S ALL OVER NOW!
IF THAT TRIGGER-HAPPY GANG OF OWLHOOTERS DOESN'T GET YOU FIRST! THE WHOLE TOWN KNOWS YOU STRUCK IT RICH!
WHAANG! THE ANGRY SNARL OF RICOCHETING LEAD CONFIRMS BLAZE CARSON'S FEARS!
DUCK FOR COVER, IKE!
MY IDEA TOO, SHERIFF!
GOT ONE! NOW I'LL KNOW ONE OF THE GANG, ANYHOW!
BANG!
MAKE TRACKS! I'LL TAKE 'IM WITH ME!
DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY, SHERIFF! WE -- UG-G-H-H!
IKE!
BANG!
WELL, THEY GOT AWAY AGAIN! NOW I KNOW THEY'RE FROM AROUND HERE BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T LEAVE THE DEAD MAN BEHIND! IF I KNEW ONE OF THE GANG I'D KNOW THEM ALL! GUESS I HAVE A LITTLE RIDING TO DO-- OVER TO MAHLER'S MINE!

GUY MAHLER'S MINE-- A RICH CLAIM IF MAHLER'S HEAVY GOLD BAGS ARE ANY INDICATION!
GLAD I FOUND YOU IN, MAHLER! I NEED A FAVOR, IF YOU'LL HELP ME OUT?
IT'S A PRIVILEGE, SHERIFF--ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR LAW AN' ORDER! WHAT'S THE FAVOR?
IKE RAND WAS JUST KILLED OVER HIS CLAIM! THE KILLERS KNEW HE'D STRUCK IT RICH SO THEY TRIED TO GET HIS GOLD! YOU'LL BE NEXT THE WAY I FIGURE IT! YOU SHOW YOUR FACE IN TOWN-- I'LL HIDE HERE AND WAIT FOR THE GANG!
OKAY, SHERIFF, BUT WHAT IF THEY SHOOT YOU IN THE BUNK?
I *WON'T* BE IN THE *BUNK*, I'LL CURL UP ON THE *FLOOR!*
SAY, WHERE'S YOUR OTHER PARTNER? *FOUR* OF YOU OWN THIS CLAIM!
OH, AH--HE WENT WEST ON BUSINESS! THREE ARE ENOUGH IN OUR BUSINESS, ANYHOW! SEE YOU SOON SHERIFF!
DARKNESS FALLS, AND MAHLER'S CLAIM SHOWS NO SIGN OF LIFE! OR ARE THOSE SHADOWS NEAR THE SHACK MOVING?
ONE OF YOU GO AROUND THE BACK, JUST IN CASE! TWO OF US'LL BLAST AWAY WHEN I KICK OPEN THE DOOR--HE'LL BE ASLEEP ON THE FLOOR! HE'S WISE TO SOMETHIN' AN' WE GOTTA SHUT HIM UP--*FINAL!*
NOW! LET 'IM HAVE IT!
WELL, THAT SNOOPIN' TIN-TOTER WILL NEVER BOTHER ANYONE AGAIN! HE'S AS DEAD AS-- *WHAT TH--?*
NOT SO FAST, FRIEND! RAISE YOUR HANDS NICE AND EASY! ALL THAT SHOOTING MAKES ME NERVOUS--I'M LIABLE TO START PULLIN' A TRIGGER *MYSELF!*

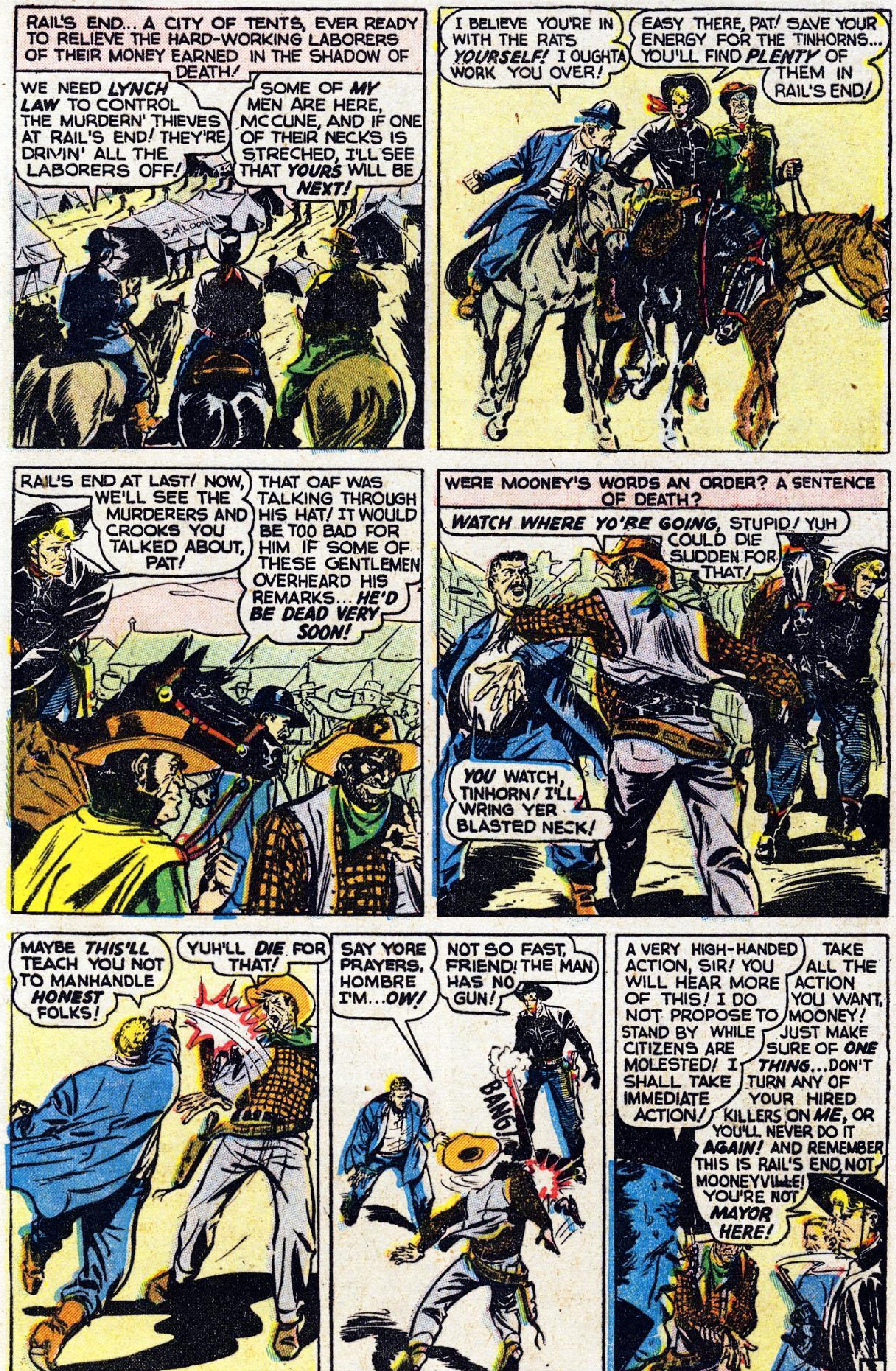

I GUESS YOU BOYS KNOW YOU'LL HANG AFTER I RIP OFF THOSE MASKS AND FIND OUT WHO YOU ARE! I COULD MAKE A PRETTY GOOD GUESS RIGHT NOW!
DON'T BE TOO **SURE,** SHERIFF!
NICE WORK, PETE! COME ON, GRAB ALL THE DUST! WE GOTTA MAKE THIS LOOK LIKE ANOTHER ROBBERY SO NOBODY'LL THINK **WE** DID IT! GET HIS GUNS!
YOU GOT BRAINS, BOSS!
WE'LL KNOCK HIM OFF-- THEN CUT FOR TOWN AND GET US AN ALIBI!
I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE! I HOPE I CAN MAKE IT!
BUT THE RAW-HIDE-TOUGH SHERIFF REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS WHILE THE KILLERS ARE OCCUPIED, AND...
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! GUN 'IM DOWN!
I THINK I'LL MAKE IT!
HELPLESS WITHOUT HIS GUN, THE SHERIFF HEADS FOR COVER-- THE OPEN PITS OF GUY MAHLER'S MINE ...
WE GOT HIM NOW! PETE, GET A BOX OF DYNAMITE!
LOOK, BOSS! HE JUMPED INTO THE MINE!
THE FOOL PICKED HIS OWN GRAVE! A COUPLE OF STICKS OF DYNAMITE OUGHTA CAVE THAT THING IN-- NO BODY--NO NOTHIN'-- A NICE CLEAN KILLIN'!
HERE'S THE POWDER, BOSS!
5

DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THIS STUFF-- BUT IT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
CAN'T MISS, BOSS!
THE FUSE SIZZLES--THEN THE DYNAMITE SAILS DOWN INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE MINE...
THERE SHE GOES AND THE SHERIFF WITH IT! COME ON, BOYS, LET'S HEAD FOR TOWN!
THE GOLD THIEVES RIDE OFF WITH ANOTHER CHAPTER OF MURDER ADDED TO THEIR BOOK OF CRIME!--OR WAS IT ONLY ATTEMPTED MURDER? WHAT MOVED THEN... A HAND?
IF THOSE RATS KNEW MORE ABOUT DYNAMITE, THEY'D REALIZE THAT THE STUFF HAS TO BE PACKED IN A CONFINED SPACE AND THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION IS DOWNWARD WHEN DYNAMITE IS USED! I'M GLAD I KNEW IT-- I WAS RIGHT NEAR THE TOP!
THE PALE GLEAM OF THE MOON ON A SHINY PEBBLE AT HIS FEET ATTRACTS THE SHERIFF'S ATTENTION! HE STOOPS, PICKS IT UP AND FINDS A NUGGET OF SOLID GOLD!
THAT BLAST OPENED A POCKET OF PURE GOLD IN MAHLER'S MINE! THIS GIVES ME THE PROOF I NEED! I'LL CLOSE THIS CASE AS SOON AS I HIT TOWN!
SOMETIME LATER, BACK IN RED DOG!
WHA--? BLAZE CARSON!
YEAH, IN THE FLESH, MAHLER-- NOT A GHOST!
MAHLER, WHAT KIND OF GOLD DID MILLER HAVE IN HIS BAGS, DUST OR NUGGETS?
DUST! WHY?

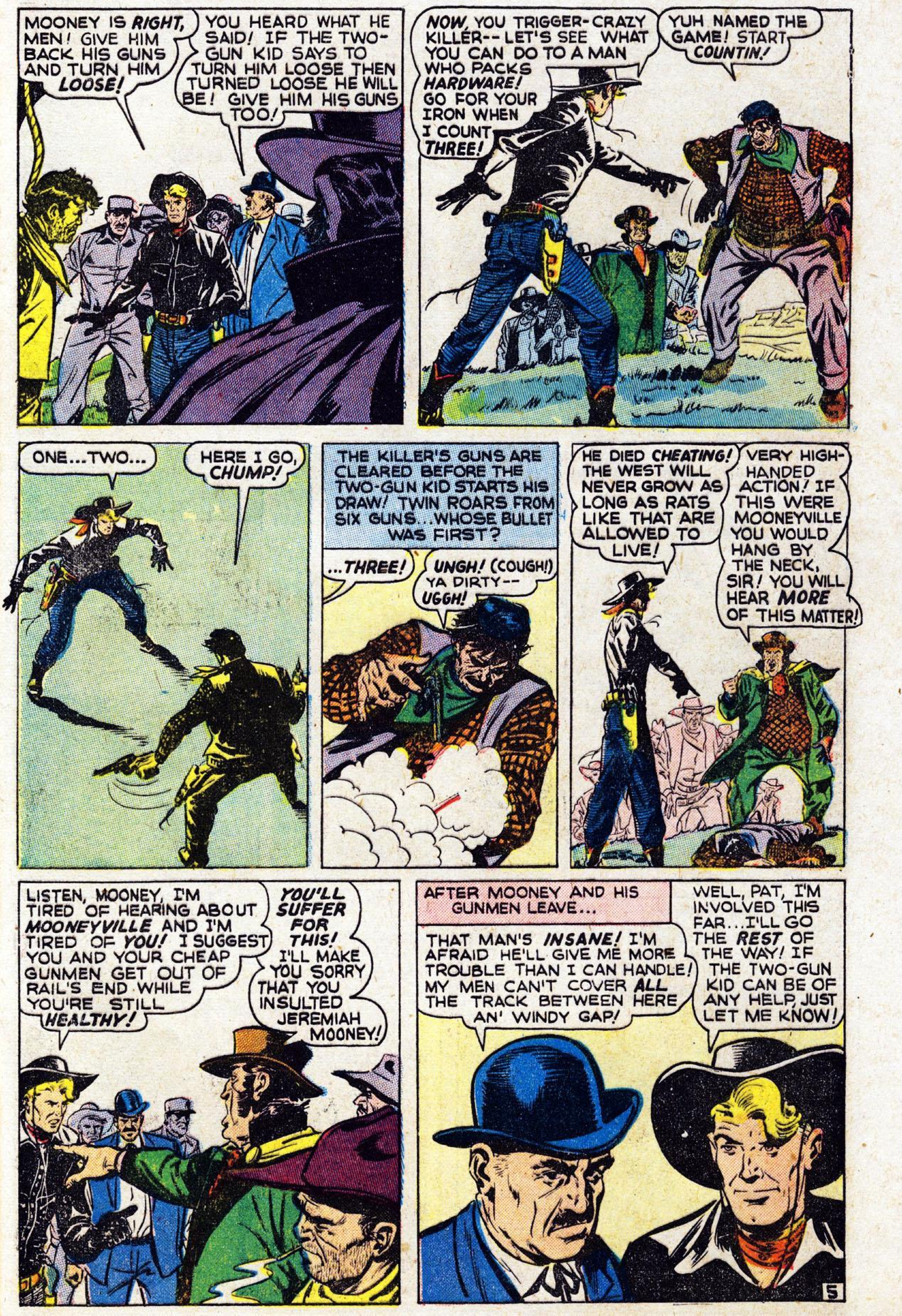

ONLY THE **KILLERS** WOULD KNOW THAT AND YOU FELL FOR IT!
YOU CAN'T PROVE NOTHIN', LAWMAN! THAT'S NOT ENOUGH PROOF TO DO ANY GOOD!
I HAVE MORE PROOF! IF YOU WERE A **REAL** MINER, YOU'D HAVE CALLOUSED HANDS--YOURS ARE MORE LIKE A GAMBLER'S--OR A MURDERER'S! SECOND--YOU HAVE A MINE WITH A VERY RICH POCKET OF GOLD! IT'S ALL THE PROOF I NEED!
BECAUSE THERE'S GOLD IN MY MINE, YOU CALL ME A MURDERER? MAKE SENSE!
NOTHING WRONG WITH IT EXCEPT THAT THE GOLD IN YOUR MINE IS IN **NUGGETS**--AND ALL THE GOLD YOU **CLAIM** YOU MINED, IS IN **DUST**! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, MAHLER!
TRY AN' TAKE ME! BLAST 'IM, BOYS!
JUST WHAT I WANTED!
YOU'LL **HANG**, MAHLER!
YOU GOT ME, SNOOPER! HOW'D YOU KNOW IT WAS US?
I WAS CERTAIN, WHEN I CHECKED MILLER'S GOLD WITH THE ASSAYER! HIS DUST HAD A COPPER MIXTURE--GOLD DUST IS SELDOM FREE FROM SOME METAL!. YOU BOUGHT FLOWERS FOR MILLER'S FUNERAL WITH THE SAME DUST YOU STOLE AFTER YOU SHOT HIM IN COLD BLOOD!
DIRECTLY AFTER THE GUN BATTLE A CROWD GATHERS!
NICE GOIN', SHERIFF! I GUESS OUR POKES WILL BE SAFE, NOW!
MEN WITH GOLD WILL **NEVER** BE SAFE AS LONG AS RATS LIKE MAHLER ARE TOO LAZY TO MAKE AN HONEST LIVING! MAHLER HAD THE RICHEST POCKET OF GOLD IN THE STATE! BUT HE WAS SO INTERESTED IN STEALING FROM OTHERS, IT NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM TO LOOK FOR HIS OWN GOLD, LIKE HONEST MEN DO!
THE END

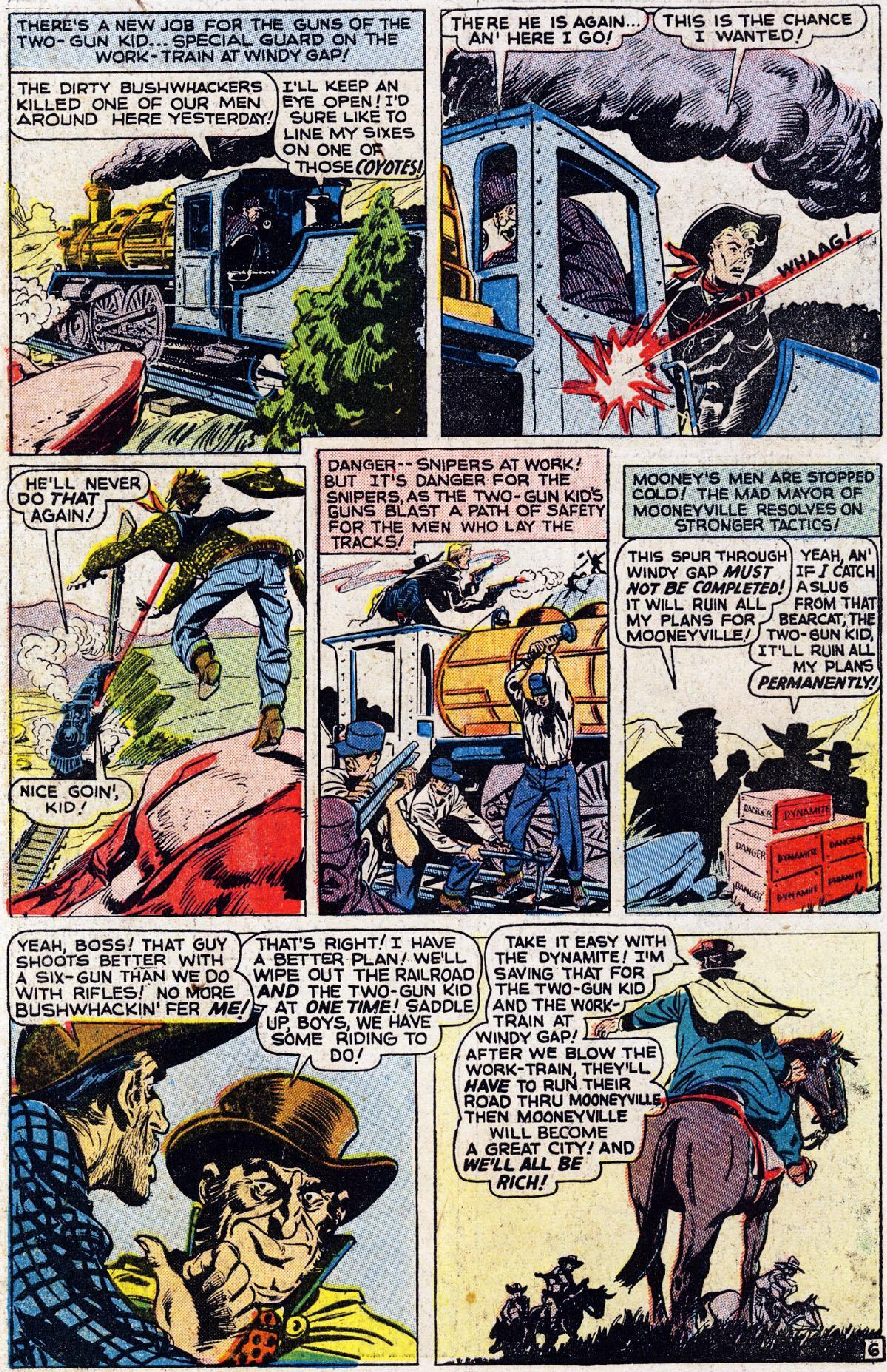
TWO-GUN KID
EACH TURN OF THE WHEELS BROUGHT THE TRAIN AND ITS CREW CLOSER TO A TERRIBLE DOOM!
HOW COULD THE *TWO-GUN KID* SAVE THE DISASTER FATED TRAIN WHEN *HE HIMSELF* WAS ONE OF THE CREW SLATED FOR SLAUGHTER?!!
"THE SAGA OF THE MAD MAYOR!"
4317
THE TWO-GUN KID, RIDING A FLAT-CAR TO RAIL'S END, MEETS PAT MCCUNE, RAILROAD DETECTIVE, AND JEREMIAH MOONEY, MAYOR OF MOONEYVILLE!
...AND I, JEREMIAH MOONEY, *GUARANTEE* THAT THE *RAILROAD* WILL *GO NORTH. THROUGH MY TOWN, MOONEYVILLE!*
MISTER MOONEY, THE RAILROAD IS GOING *SOUTH* THROUGH *WINDY GAP!* THE SOUTH GRADE IS THE *BEST PASS* THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS, AN' MY BOSS SENT ME OUT HERE TO MAKE *SURE* THE TRACKS GO SOUTH... *NOT* NORTH TO MOONEYVILLE!
I'LL TEACH YOU, PAT MCCUNE, THAT *NO PROMOTED DITCH-DIGGER CAN TALK THAT WAY TO ME!* I AM *MAYOR* OF *MOONEYVILLE,* AND THE RAILROAD *WILL* COME NORTH TO MY TOWN!
1

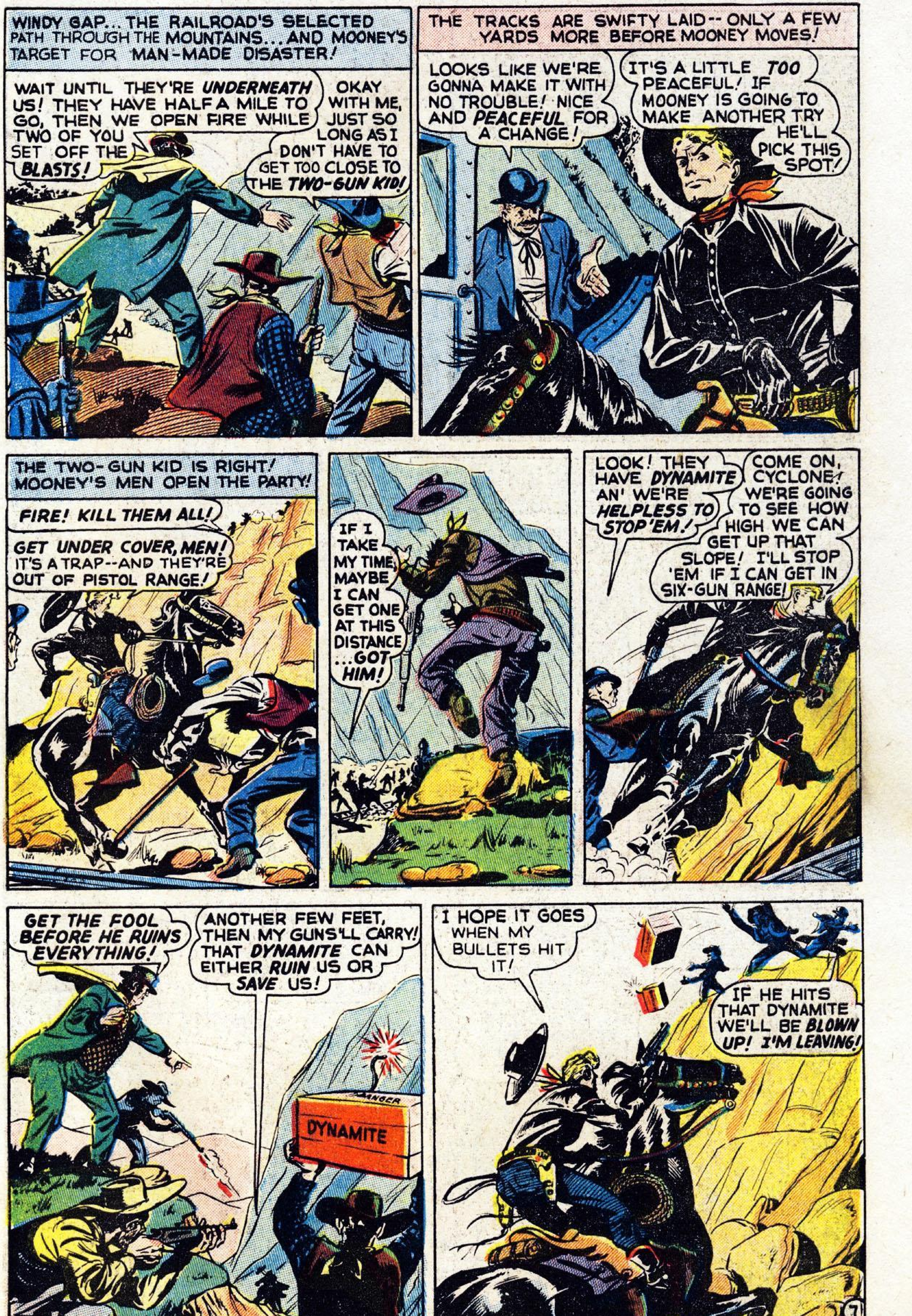
WE'LL HAVE **NO GUNPLAY,** MOONEY! McCUNE IS **UNARMED** AND HAS A RIGHT TO HIS OWN OPINION!
A MAN OF MY POSITION DOES NOT ACCEPT CONTRADICTIONS BY AN IGNORANT RAILROAD DECTECTIVE!
MOONEYVILLE, THE COMING METROPLIS OF THIS STATE, WILL **DIE** IF THE RAILS FAIL TO COME TO IT! THIS MUST **NOT HAPPEN!** YOU HEAR?
LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN **ANYHOW,** MAYOR, WHETHER MOONEYVILLE LIKES IT OR **NOT!**
UNLESS THE RAILS ARE LAID TO MOONEYVILLE, THE WORK ON THIS LINE WILL BE STOPPED SOON! **NOT ONE RAIL WILL BE LAID SOUTH AFTER JEREMIAH MOONEY ARRIVES AT RAIL'S END!**
WE'LL SEE, MOONEY! I HAVE A HUNCH YOU'LL BE DISAPPOINTED!
MOONEY'S MEN ARE ALREADY AT WORK! DEATH AND DANGER LIE WAITING BETWEEN SHINING RAILS AND THE TRAIN THUNDERS ON!
I IMAGINE THE ROAD WILL GO THROUGH WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE!
YOU WILL SEE, MY FRIEND... **VERY SOON!**
READY...
SUDDENLY...
BOOM!!
C'MON, CYCLONE! WE HAVE **WORK** TO DO!
YOU'LL NEVER GET THEM! THEY HAVE TOO BIG A LEAD!
PAT WAS RIGHT... THE DYNAMITERS ESCAPE! THE TWO-GUN KID SUCCEEDS IN CORRALING TWO HORSES THAT HE FOUND WANDERING... HORSES THAT WOULD BE NEEDED FOR THE RIDE TO RAIL'S END!
THEY GOT AWAY, BUT THE RIDE WASN'T WASTED! I PICKED UP THESE CAYUSES ON THE WAY BACK! THEY'LL GET US BACK TO TOWN IF YOU CAN RIDE 'EM BAREBACK!
VERY KIND OF YOU, SIR! I HAVE URGENT BUSINESS IN TOWN... ER... MY EMPLOYEES HAVE BEEN CARELESS IN THEIR WORK! MEASURES MUST BE TAKEN **IMMEDIATELY!**
2


RAIL'S END... A CITY OF TENTS, EVER READY TO RELIEVE THE HARD-WORKING LABORERS OF THEIR MONEY EARNED IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH!
WE NEED LYNCH LAW TO CONTROL THE MURDERN' THIEVES AT RAIL'S END! THEY'RE DRIVIN' ALL THE LABORERS OFF!
SOME OF MY MEN ARE HERE, McCUNE, AND IF ONE OF THEIR NECKS IS STRECHED, I'LL SEE THAT YOURS WILL BE NEXT!
SALOON
I BELIEVE YOU'RE IN WITH THE RATS YOURSELF! I OUGHTA WORK YOU OVER!
EASY THERE, PAT! SAVE YOUR ENERGY FOR THE TINHORNS... YOU'LL FIND PLENTY OF THEM IN RAIL'S END!
RAIL'S END AT LAST! NOW, WE'LL SEE THE MURDERERS AND CROOKS YOU TALKED ABOUT, PAT!
THAT OAF WAS TALKING THROUGH HIS HAT! IT WOULD BE TOO BAD FOR HIM IF SOME OF THESE GENTLEMEN OVERHEARD HIS REMARKS... HE'D BE DEAD VERY SOON!
WERE MOONEY'S WORDS AN ORDER? A SENTENCE OF DEATH?
WATCH WHERE YO'RE GOING, STUPID! YUH COULD DIE SUDDEN FOR THAT!
YOU WATCH, TINHORN! I'LL WRING YER BLASTED NECK!
MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO MANHANDLE HONEST FOLKS!
YUH'LL DIE FOR THAT!
SAY YORE PRAYERS, HOMBRE I'M...OW!
NOT SO FAST, FRIEND! THE MAN HAS NO GUN!
BANG!
A VERY HIGH-HANDED ACTION, SIR! YOU WILL HEAR MORE OF THIS! I DO NOT PROPOSE TO STAND BY WHILE CITIZENS ARE MOLESTED! I SHALL TAKE IMMEDIATE ACTION!
TAKE ALL THE ACTION YOU WANT, MOONEY! JUST MAKE SURE OF ONE THING...DON'T TURN ANY OF YOUR HIRED KILLERS ON ME, OR YOU'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN! AND REMEMBER THIS IS RAIL'S END, NOT MOONEYVILLE! YOU'RE NOT MAYOR HERE!

HE ACTS LIKE THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE, DOESN'T HE, PAT?
HE'S NO ONE TO LAUGH AT! SOMEONE IS DELIBERATELY HAVIN' MY MEN SHOT DOWN WITHOUT GIVIN' THEM A CHANCE! IT MIGHT WELL BE MOONEY!
THEY'RE ORGANIZED, PAT! IF THE LABORERS ARE GOING TO GET AN EVEN BREAK, THEY'LL HAVE TO ORGANIZE, TOO!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKIN'! A CROOK THAT PULLS A GUN ON A RAILROAD MAN WILL END UP WITH A ROPE COLLAR!
LATER, THE TWO-GUN KID RENEWS HIS SUPPLY OF LEAD FOR HIS TWIN 45'S!
I S'POSE YOU'LL BE MOVIN' TOWARD THE PASS WHEN THE RAILROAD MOVES ON!
I'M STAYIN' RIGHT HERE! A CITY WILL GROW HERE AND I FIGURE TO GROW WITH IT!
A SIX-GUN BARKS IN THE STREET! ONE SHOT... MEANS DEATH!
A LOT OF FOLKS WOULD STAY IF IT WAS SAFE TO LIVE HERE!
THERE'S ONE THAT WILL STAY... INDEFINITELY! I'LL BE BACK!
BANG!
BANG!
HE SHOT MCHALE IN THE BACK! LYNCH HIM!
BACK UP OR I'LL SHOOT! GET BACK!
RUSH THE RAT! UGH!
LET GO! I'LL BLAST EVERY ONE OF YUH!
GRAB 'IM! I HAVE A ROPE!
LYNCH LAW! WILL THIS MAN DIE WITHOUT TRIAL BY HIS FELLOW MEN.?
HOLD IT! TURN THAT MAN LOOSE! HE WORKS FOR ME! AND I'D SHOOT ALL OF YOU BEFORE I'D SEE HIM HANG! TURM HIM LOOSE, QUICK!
THE MAN DESERVED TO HANG! BUT I'M GLAD MOONEY STOPPED IT! I'LL GET HIM... MY WAY!


MOONEY IS *RIGHT*, MEN! GIVE HIM BACK HIS GUNS AND TURN HIM *LOOSE!*
YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID! IF THE TWO-GUN KID SAYS TO TURN HIM LOOSE THEN TURNED LOOSE HE WILL BE! GIVE HIM HIS GUNS TOO!
NOW, YOU TRIGGER-CRAZY KILLER-- LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO TO A MAN WHO PACKS *HARDWARE!* GO FOR YOUR IRON WHEN I COUNT *THREE!*
YUH NAMED THE GAME! START *COUNTIN!*
ONE... TWO...
HERE I GO, *CHUMP!*
THE KILLER'S GUNS ARE CLEARED BEFORE THE TWO-GUN KID STARTS HIS DRAW! TWIN ROARS FROM SIX GUNS... WHOSE BULLET WAS FIRST?
...*THREE!*
UNGH! (COUGH!) YA DIRTY-- *UGGH!*
HE DIED *CHEATING!* THE WEST WILL NEVER GROW AS LONG AS RATS LIKE THAT ARE ALLOWED TO LIVE!
VERY HIGH-HANDED ACTION! IF THIS WERE MOONEYVILLE YOU WOULD HANG BY THE NECK, SIR! YOU WILL HEAR *MORE* OF THIS MATTER!
LISTEN, MOONEY, I'M TIRED OF HEARING ABOUT *MOONEYVILLE* AND I'M TIRED OF *YOU!* I SUGGEST YOU AND YOUR CHEAP GUNMEN GET OUT OF RAIL'S END WHILE YOU'RE STILL *HEALTHY!*
YOU'LL SUFFER FOR THIS! I'LL MAKE YOU SORRY THAT YOU INSULTED JEREMIAH MOONEY!
AFTER MOONEY AND HIS GUNMEN LEAVE...
THAT MAN'S *INSANE!* I'M AFRAID HE'LL GIVE ME MORE TROUBLE THAN I CAN HANDLE! MY MEN CAN'T COVER *ALL* THE TRACK BETWEEN HERE AN' WINDY GAP!
WELL, PAT, I'M INVOLVED THIS FAR... I'LL GO THE *REST* OF THE WAY! IF THE TWO-GUN KID CAN BE OF ANY HELP, JUST LET ME KNOW!


THERE'S A NEW JOB FOR THE GUNS OF THE TWO-GUN KID... SPECIAL GUARD ON THE WORK-TRAIN AT WINDY GAP!
THE DIRTY BUSHWHACKERS KILLED ONE OF OUR MEN AROUND HERE YESTERDAY!
I'LL KEEP AN EYE OPEN! I'D SURE LIKE TO LINE MY SIXES ON ONE OF THOSE *COYOTES!*
THERE HE IS AGAIN... AN' HERE I GO!
THIS IS THE CHANCE I WANTED!
WHAAG!
HE'LL NEVER DO *THAT* AGAIN!
NICE GOIN', KID!
DANGER-- SNIPERS AT WORK! BUT IT'S DANGER FOR THE SNIPERS, AS THE TWO-GUN KID'S GUNS BLAST A PATH OF SAFETY FOR THE MEN WHO LAY THE TRACKS!
MOONEY'S MEN ARE STOPPED COLD! THE MAD MAYOR OF MOONEYVILLE RESOLVES ON STRONGER TACTICS!
THIS SPUR THROUGH WINDY GAP ***MUST NOT BE COMPLETED!*** IT WILL RUIN ALL MY PLANS FOR MOONEYVILLE!
YEAH, AN' IF *I* CATCH A SLUG FROM THAT BEARCAT, THE TWO-GUN KID, IT'LL RUIN ALL MY PLANS ***PERMANENTLY!***
DANGER
DYNAMITE
DANGER
DYNAMITE
DANGER
DANGER
DYNAMITE
DYNAMITE
YEAH, BOSS! THAT GUY SHOOTS BETTER WITH A SIX-GUN THAN WE DO WITH RIFLES! NO MORE BUSHWHACKIN' FER ***ME!***
THAT'S RIGHT! I HAVE A BETTER PLAN! WE'LL WIPE OUT THE RAILROAD ***AND*** THE TWO-GUN KID AT ***ONE TIME!*** SADDLE UP, BOYS, WE HAVE SOME RIDING TO DO!
TAKE IT EASY WITH THE DYNAMITE! I'M SAVING THAT FOR THE TWO-GUN KID AND THE WORK-TRAIN AT WINDY GAP! AFTER WE BLOW THE WORK-TRAIN, THEY'LL ***HAVE*** TO RUN THEIR ROAD THRU MOONEYVILLE. THEN MOONEYVILLE WILL BECOME A GREAT CITY! AND ***WE'LL ALL BE RICH!***


WINDY GAP... THE RAILROAD'S SELECTED PATH THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS... AND MOONEY'S TARGET FOR MAN-MADE DISASTER!
WAIT UNTIL THEY'RE *UNDERNEATH* US! THEY HAVE HALF A MILE TO GO, THEN WE OPEN FIRE WHILE TWO OF YOU SET OFF THE *BLASTS!*
OKAY WITH ME, JUST SO LONG AS I DON'T HAVE TO GET TOO CLOSE TO THE *TWO-GUN KID!*
THE TRACKS ARE SWIFTY LAID-- ONLY A FEW YARDS MORE BEFORE MOONEY MOVES!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT WITH NO TROUBLE! NICE AND *PEACEFUL* FOR A CHANGE!
IT'S A LITTLE *TOO* PEACEFUL! IF MOONEY IS GOING TO MAKE ANOTHER TRY HE'LL PICK THIS SPOT!
THE TWO-GUN KID IS RIGHT! MOONEY'S MEN OPEN THE PARTY!
FIRE! KILL THEM ALL!
GET UNDER COVER, MEN! IT'S A TRAP--AND THEY'RE OUT OF PISTOL RANGE!
IF I TAKE MY TIME, MAYBE I CAN GET ONE AT THIS DISTANCE ...*GOT HIM!*
LOOK! THEY HAVE *DYNAMITE* AN' WE'RE *HELPLESS TO STOP 'EM!*
COME ON, CYCLONE! WE'RE GOING TO SEE HOW HIGH WE CAN GET UP THAT SLOPE! I'LL STOP 'EM IF I CAN GET IN SIX-GUN RANGE!
GET THE FOOL BEFORE HE RUINS EVERYTHING!
ANOTHER FEW FEET, THEN MY GUNS'LL CARRY! THAT *DYNAMITE* CAN EITHER *RUIN* US OR *SAVE* US!
DANGER
DYNAMITE
I HOPE IT GOES WHEN MY BULLETS HIT IT!
IF HE HITS THAT DYNAMITE WE'LL BE *BLOWN UP! I'M LEAVING!*

TWIN BLASTS RENT THE AIR AS THE TWO-GUN KID'S BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK!
BOOM!
BLAAM!
MOONEY'S MEN ARE DEAD, KILLED WITH THEIR OWN WEAPON! WHAT ABOUT MOONEY?
HA-HA-HA-HA! THE MAYOR OF MOONEYVILLE IS INVINCIBLE! NO ONE CAN OUTWIT JEREMIAH MOONEY!
THEY'RE ALL DEAD BUT MOONEY! AREN'T YOU GOING AFTER HIM?
I'M GOIN' AFTER HIM ALL RIGHT! AND YOU'RE GOING TOO! IF I'M RIGHT I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING YOU CAN TELL YOUR GRANDCHILDREN! WERE GOING TO VISIT MOONEYVILLE!
I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN', KID! LET'S GO!
THE TWO-GUN KID LEADS THE WAY TO TWIN BUTTE PASS...
I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY YOU LET MOONEY GET AWAY! HE SHOULD BE PUNISHED FOR HIS CRIMES!
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE KIND OF PUNISHMENT, PAT! WE SHOULD SEE MOONEYVILLE AS SOON AS WE TOP THIS HILL! THEN YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHAT I MEAN!
MOONEYVILLE! A CITY COMPLETEY PLANNED WITH STREETS, SQUARES, EVEN A CITY HALL, BUT SINCE THE RAILROAD BYPASSED IT, A CITY WITHOUT LIFE, WITHOUT PEOPLE-- A MADMAN'S DREAM CITY!
THERE IT IS, PAT! MOONEYVILLE! JEREMIAH MOONEY, MAYOR! THERE'S MOONEY NOW! HE'S MAKING A SPEECH!
MOONEYVILLE
MOONEYVILLE
I PROMISED YOU, THE PEOPLE WHO ELECTED ME MAYOR OF MOONEYVILLE, THAT I WOULD MAKE THE RAILROAD COME TO MOONEYVILLE! I AM HERE TO ANNOUNCE THE SUCCESS OF MY ENDEAVOURS! HA-HA! HA-HA! SUCCESS BEYOND OUR WILDEST DREAMS! HA-HA-HA-HA!
I KNOW NOW WHAT YOU MEANT WHEN YOU SAID THERE'S MORE THAN ONE KIND OF PUNISHMENT!
HE WAS A MADMAN WITH A DREAM, AND WHEN THE DREAM FAILED TO BECOME A REALITY HE WENT TO PIECES! WE'LL LEAVE HIM TO THE PUNISHMENT HE BROUGHT UPON HIMSELF... A LIVING DEAD MAN IN A GHOST TOWN!
THE END

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By KENT B. STILES

The year's twenty-fifth stamp issued by the United States is a 3-cent purple honoring the humorist and philosopher Will Rogers. The design is philately's first portrait of Rogers. Under his likeness "'I never met a man I didn't like' – Will Rogers" is inscribed. First-day sale was on Nov. 4 at Claremore, Okla.

The twenty-sixth United States item is a 3-cent brown for the centenary of the establishing of "the Post of El Paso" – today's Fort Bliss. "Fort Bliss Centennial" is inscribed above a centered design showing a rocket in flight above the fort. Rocket experiments recently have been one feature of the fort's activities. First-day sale of this stamp was on Nov. 5 at El Paso, Tex.

Twenty-seventh on Uncle Sam's list is a 3-cent which introduces the late Moina Michael to the hobby. The design is a portrait of this Georgia woman, who is recalled as "Founder of Memorial Poppy" (so inscribed on the stamp). It was she who originated the idea of selling poppies for disabled veterans and their dependents. First-day sale was on Nov. 9 at Athens, Ga.

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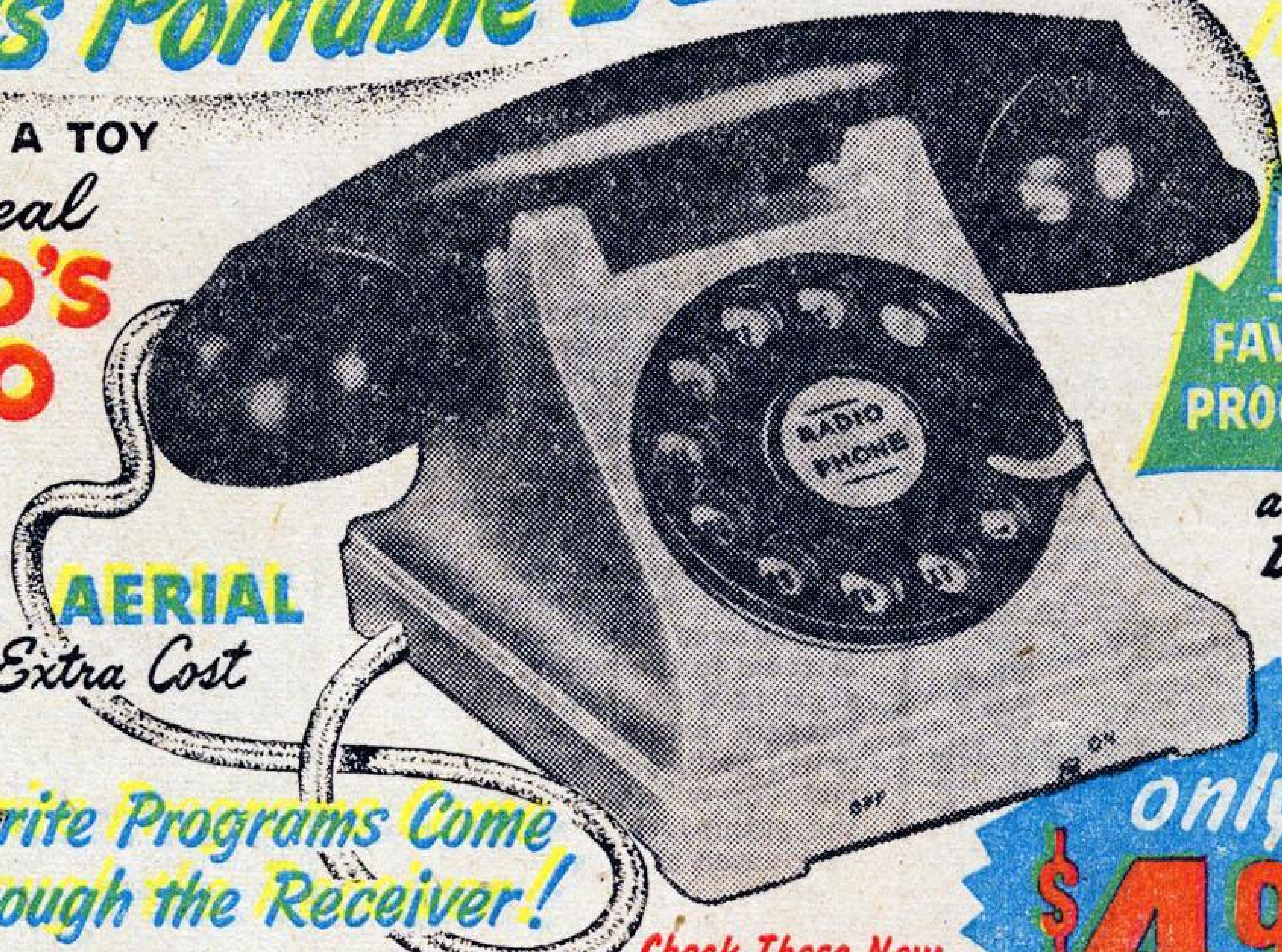

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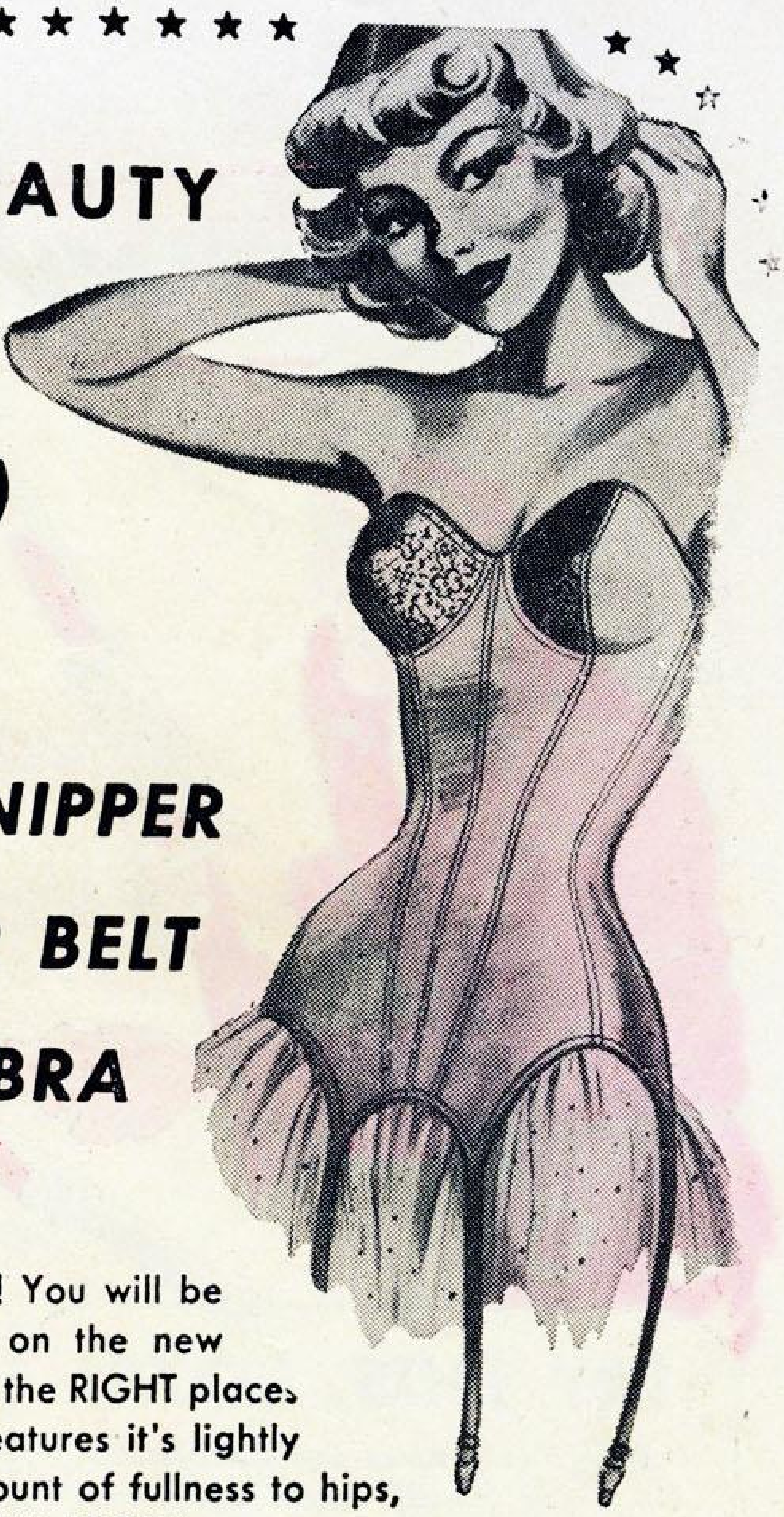

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2. *GARTER BELT*
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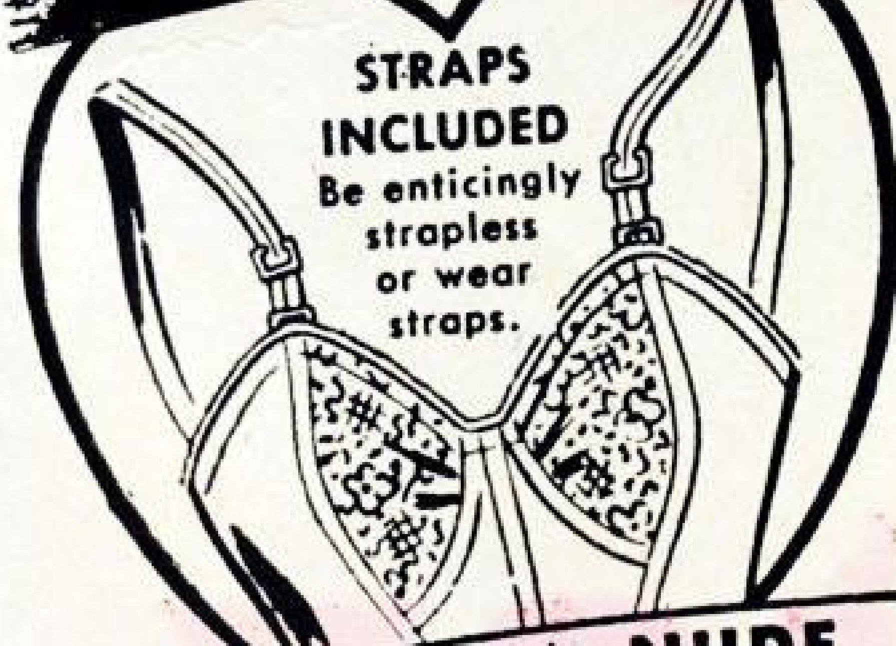

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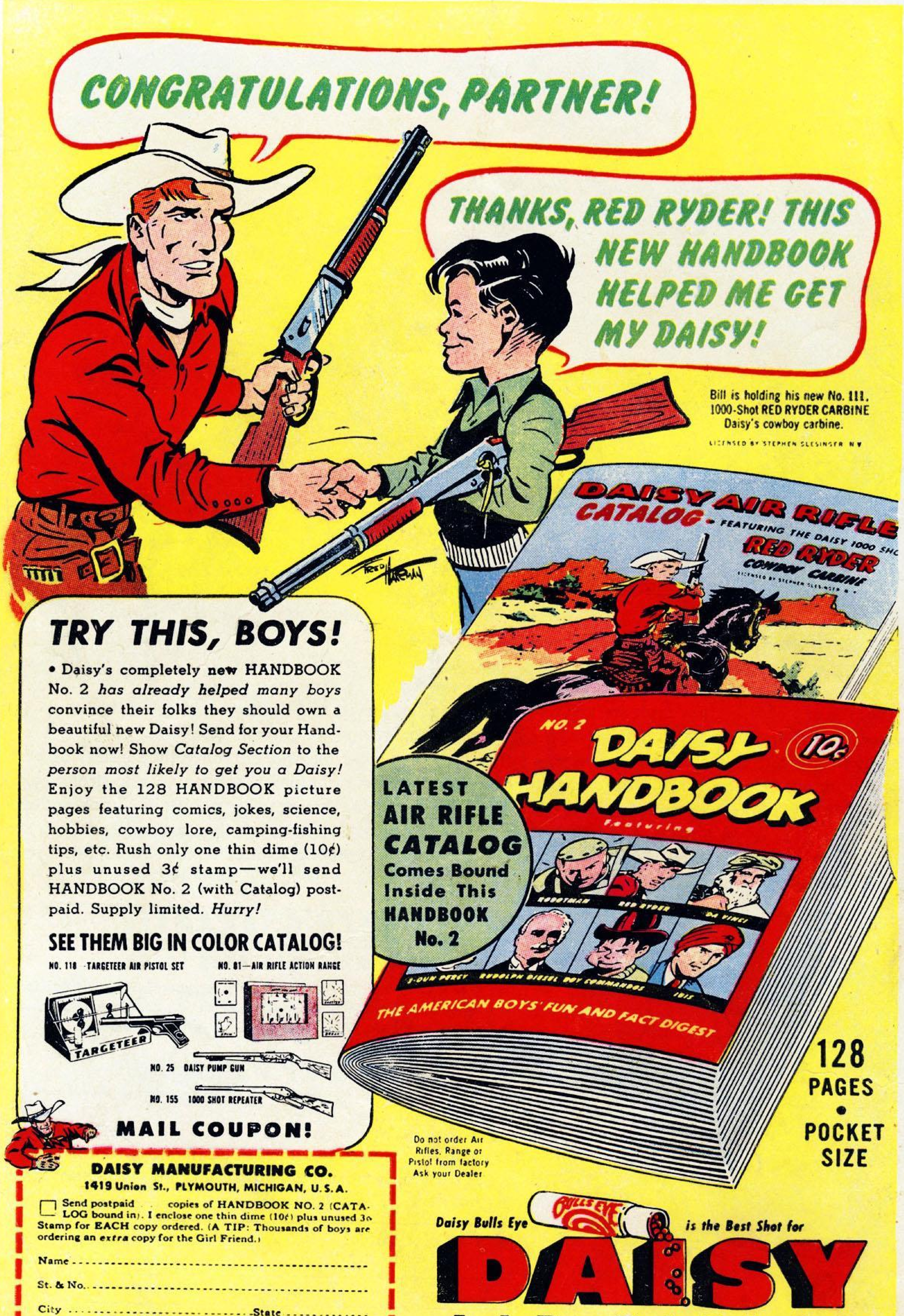
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